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✱ LONDON ✱

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Topics of the Week

THE articles that the *Times* has been publishing on municipal Socialism have aroused public attention to a serious danger. Municipal enterprise may be looked at from two points of view, that of the ratepayer and that of the municipal employee. If the former point of view is always kept in sight municipal enterprise may often be useful and will seldom be dangerous. The danger arises when the municipal authorities begin to forget the ratepayer in their zeal to improve the condition—and to secure the votes—of the persons employed. And this danger will persistently arise unless the ratepayers exercise a closeness of supervision which is, in practice, beyond their power. For the interest of the employee in getting better terms of employment is much more direct and imperative than the interest of the ratepayer in preventing an increase of the rates, which will always be gradual. Consequently, the moment a municipality has a large number of men in its employment they begin to bring pressure to bear on the members of the municipal council, and there is no counteracting force to resist that pressure. The same phenomenon is observable even in the works undertaken by the national Governments. Dockyard and Post Office employees are constantly pressing Members of Parliament to urge their claims on the Government for higher pay. Weak Governments give way, with the result that all the subordinate classes of Government employees are now better off than men doing corresponding work for private firms. There is no reason to believe that the work is proportionately better done. In the case of some of the municipal employees described in the *Times*, there is strong evidence that their privileged position enables them with impunity to neglect the work for which they are paid. The majority of working men in this country are, unfortunately, possessed of the delusion that a man benefits his class by doing as little work as he can, because he thereby creates employment for some other man. It is useless to point out to such men that on their principles the best workman is the man who does no work at all, and that if everybody gave up working everybody would be employed, which is absurd, as Euclid would have said. But though the British workman does not study Euclid as much as he ought to, he knows by experience, if he is in private employ, that the shirking of work beyond a certain point entails dismissal. That saving knowledge is denied to him if he is the servant of a Socialist Town Council, for his friends on the Council will probably share his fallacies, and will protect him from the interference of any over-zealous foreman. These are dangers which are inseparable from municipal enterprise. They become greater with every extension of direct employment by municipal or other elected bodies, and it is therefore most important that municipal enterprise should be strictly limited to those undertakings where private enterprise is demonstrably a failure.

THE Far East having temporarily quieted down, the Near East takes its turn at creating international alarm. For some time past the attention of the diplomatic world has been directed to that part of Europe by signs and tokens of coming trouble. It was an open secret that Macedonia would assuredly be raided by bands of Bulgarian "patriots" unless their awe of Turkey's military power cooled their valour. It was fresh in their memories what happened to Greece and her "patriots" when they essayed to wrench away territory from the "Sick Man," and how he arose in his wrath and chased the disturbers of his slumbers as if they were troublesome rabbits. But the ill-advised celebration of the Russian victory at the Shipka Pass appears to have encouraged the Bulgarians to risk the hazard of fighting, and, judging from the latest accounts, they seem to have received a welcome considerably warmer than was pleasant. In itself, that skirmishing would be of little concern to the rest of Europe but for the possibility of its being made the occasion for opening the whole Eastern Question. The marked fraternisation of the Russian and Bulgarian Governments at the Shipka demonstration suggests that they have some common object in view, and that, when the time is ripe, they will be found in alliance for its accomplishment. It would be no new thing, for instance, were the military measures adopted by the Porte to maintain its hold on Macedonia to give birth to another "Bulgarian atrocities"

agitation. During the campaign in Greece the Ottoman troops were kept too tightly in hand by their wide-awake commanders for any indulgence in savage excesses. But the Bulgarians also have a considerable infusion of untamed ferocity in their hot blood, and should they behave brutally to wounded Turks, it is certain that reprisals of a kindred sort will be made. Everything depends, however, on the degree of tacit support accorded the attack on Turkey by the Russian and Bulgarian Governments. If, as would almost appear to be the case, they are in connivance with the attempt to free Macedonia from Ottoman rule, it can hardly be long before Europe will again have to attempt a permanent solution of the Eastern Question.

EVEN the most strenuous haters of the motor-car will have to recognise one virtue, at all events, in that conveyance if its advent suppresses the dust fiend on country highways. Until the coming of the dust-compelling car, no one considered that any beyond casual watering was possible to abate the nuisance. But this easy way of accepting the evil has had to be put aside now that the addition of motor-cars to other vehicles renders the atmosphere on much-frequented roads almost as breathable as the air of Sahara when the sand is caught up by a storm of wind. Hence the experimental trial of oil instead of water between Farnborough and Aldershot, a tract especially suitable, as the dust always lies thickly on that none-too-delectable piece of road. All users of His Majesty's highways will wish success to the humane endeavour to save their eyes and lungs from injury. But it remains to be seen whether the amalgamation of oil with dust will create a surface of enduring quality. If the process had to be frequently renewed, the cost would be prohibitive, as a thousand gallons of petroleum have to be used for every quarter-mile. When the proposal was first mooted, owners of vehicles with rubber tyres took alarm, as oil is a deadly enemy of that material. It is proved, however, that after the surface has been allowed to harden, there is no more danger to rubber tyres than from their passing over asphalt or wood. All the same, cyclists should regard the new pavement with the feeling one experiences towards the friend who may become a foe. Under certain climatic conditions, it is pretty sure to be exceedingly slippery, and cycling clubs would act wisely, therefore, to avoid crowding together, as their custom is. The regrettable accident to a party of wheeling ladies and gentlemen on the Brighton road would have only injured one rider had not the riders been packed together, rank close behind rank, so that the fall of any leader involved similar disaster to those behind.

THE Conference at Aylesbury, convened by the Bucks County Council for the promotion of nature-study, shows that this addition to the national curriculum has already struck root. It is beyond question that our present methods to reach the inner depths of the juvenile intellect are very largely defective because they fail to interest the young people. To take the case of the late Frank Buckland, *par exemple*; had he been educated at a modern elementary school instead of at Winchester, his mind would have been forced into repellent grooves, and this country would have been the poorer for the loss of a delightful writer on natural history. Who that has taken the charge of children when visiting rural parts will forget their ludicrous and yet pathetic mistakes in identifying plants, birds, or insects? The warty newt, poor creature, is to them a voracious crocodile, while the harmless grass-snake they regard as a cross between Sathanas and a boa-constrictor. Even young yokels often display amazing ignorance of the commonest objects of the countryside. They know, of course, the different sorts of plant life, and do not, like town children, view sheep or cows as dangerous creatures. But if you invite them to travel farther in differentiation and to tell you why one kind of moth sucks honey from flowers in the gloaming, while another, closely resembling it in appearance and flight, only takes its meals during the daytime, a blank stare of puzzlement will be the usual reply. That, then, is the object of nature study—to interest the juvenile intellect in all created things, beginning with those which lie closest to scrutiny and gradually extending the area of investigation until it includes the whole world and its multifarious inhabitants.

An Illustrated Article on

"BOYS WHO WERE OFFERED CROWNS: THRONES THAT HAVE GONE BEGGING,"

Is one of many interesting features in this week's

GOLDEN PENNY.

The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTTLE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE sorrows and rights of long-suffering pedestrians have ever received the most sympathetic attention in this column, and the recent rapid increase in the ordinary vehicular traffic, in addition to electric trams, light railways, motor-cars and cycles, demands that their position should receive more careful consideration than ever. I have always held that in all questions with regard to traffic the pedestrian should have the first place. Not only is it his by right, having been a walker of the world in the pre-wheelian ages, but it is just that the greatest happiness of the greatest number should not be neglected. Again, those on wheels should always give way to those on foot, because, in the event of there being any delay, the former class can usually make it up with extra speed, whereas with the latter it is generally impossible. It is for this reason I have always held that the stoppages of the traffic, in order to allow the foot-passenger to cross the road in safety, are not sufficiently frequent. Some years ago I proposed in this column that in aid of matters as above detailed a Pedestrians' Protection Society should be organised. Therefore it is a great delight to me to find that a Pedestrians' Protection League has been actually founded. The scope of this association is wide and comprehensive, a special feature being the advice and assistance it proposes to give to non-members of the poorer class. I wish the new League all success.

The other day, in a country market-place, I witnessed a new form—to me—of motor carity which was somewhat embarrassing. The driver of a car, for some reason or another, did not wish to give himself the trouble of turning, so he went backwards. The effect was astonishing. Dogs yelped, pigs squealed, cows ran cross the street and people tumbled down in their hurry to get out of the way. Horses started and dragged traps on the sidewalk, and stalwart farmers expressed their opinion of this retrograde action in unmistakable terms. It is sincerely to be trusted this form of movement is not indulged in frequently. If so, it will lead to all kinds of embarrassment. For instance, when the driver alluded to was stationary he was on his right side, but directly he backed he was on his wrong side, and when you see a vehicle standing in front of you the last thing you expect is that it will suddenly back and run into you. The ways of motor-cars are so wonderful that you never know what to expect. Possibly the next thing will be that they will progress sideways and go along the road like a crab.

In an admirable article, copiously illustrated, which appears in a recent number of the *Windsor Magazine*, entitled "The Thames in Poetry and Song," may be read as follows:—"Mortimer Collins, a charming poet too nearly forgotten nowadays." It is to be feared there is some truth in this. But it is very strange why it should be so. In Mortimer Collins might be found the very rare combination of the poet and the writer of *vers-de-société*. We are so apt in the present day to associate poetry with the ponderous and the dull, that the perusal of the works of the above-named poet is indescribably refreshing. He had the true lyric-gift, and his facility and fecundity were something prodigious. Whilst others might be hammering away at their verses, laboriously altering them and re-polishing them, "most musical Mortimer" would rapidly dash off some *à propos* verses, in a newspaper office, or in a letter to a friend, that would be brilliant, full of humanity, quaint conceits and unusual rhymes. The selection of his poems published by Bentley a few years after the author's death, gives a fine taste of his quality, but there is another good volume yet to be compiled from his poetical contributions to the *Graphic*, the *World*, the *Globe*, *Temple Bar*, the *Echoes of the Clubs*, and other papers. The music of "Wargrave Ferry," contributed to the last-named periodical, haunts me as I write, and that reminds me that Mortimer Collins was an enthusiastic lover of the Thames, and some of his best songs are those devoted to its glorification. It is difficult to understand why he is "too nearly forgotten nowadays."

In the papers I see it stated that the George Inn in the village of Norton St. Phillip, Somerset, is the oldest licensed alehouse in England. The licence, it is said, dates from 1397. Surely this is old enough to suit the most antiquarian drinker of ale. But I recollect some few years ago being taken to a picturesque ancient hostelry in Manchester, and I was told that that was the oldest licensed house in England. I am under the impression that the date of licence was even more remote than the one above quoted. It would be interesting to learn which of these two taverns can lay claim to the greatest antiquity.

Driving through Wiltshire the other day when the wind was keen, I noticed two gentlemen in a landau who seemed to cause considerable amusement to the natives. They were well wrapped up in thick coats and rugs and had the front part of the carriage up and sat beneath it with their backs to the horses. The passers-by were evidently puzzled to know why the usual seat was left untenanted. The reason, however, was a good one. The occupants of the carriage were well sheltered from the wind, and, in addition to this, they had an uninterrupted view of the surrounding country. If you sit in the usual seat, facing the horses, half the prospect is blocked out by the high box and the coachman's back. Furthermore, it is much more agreeable to gaze upon a landscape as you are retiring from it, than when you are being driven into it with the wind in your teeth. Again, how much easier it would be to recognise your friends, when passing, if both they and you sat with backs to the horses. If you sit in the usual fashion they often pass only half recognised, and then you turn round and nearly dislocate your neck in endeavouring to find out whether you know them or not. Taking all these things into consideration it would seem that ever since the introduction of carriages we have been misusing them, and that, after all, to sit with your back to the horses is the seat of distinction.

"Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

THE law of compensation is clearly expressed in the doings of Royalty. No sooner is it possible for them to strip off the trammels of pomp and etiquette than they gladly retire from the fierce light that beats upon the throne, and equal, if they do not surpass, the humbleness of their subjects in simplicity and quiet. Poor Marie Antoinette, playing at shepherdesses at Trianon, felt the need of contrast from the splendour and *gêne* of Versailles, and in the most recent instance the late Queen of the Belgians lived in the most complete retirement among her dogs, her parrots, and her horses. Royalty of to-day has simpler tastes both in dress and in habits than their subjects, though even in what is vulgarly called smart society, the love of liberty and the casting off of restraint seems the principal object aimed at. It is not so long ago since a lady smoking in the public room of a restaurant was requested to leave by the proprietor. Now in all the ladies' clubs where men are admitted smoking goes on quite naturally and without any restriction. The password of to-day is "Sans-Gêne." Let us do what we like, and care not what others say. They will talk; let them talk. In time they must grow tired. So "Sans-Gêne" reigns, and even Kings share the universal desire to do what they like in moments of recreation.

I see the automatic buffets are doing well. I wish them all success. To be able to obtain what you desire by the simple slipping of a penny in the slot, without delay and without encountering the stony glare of a dilatory barmaid in a refreshment room, is a great gain, but it would be agreeable if the system could be still further extended. Why not automatic dining-machines in every house? why not the same for hot water at every street corner? Think of the joy of doing without that bane of family happiness, the cook! Think of the saving of labour and the economy of servants!—the master's breakfast hot and savoury at eight o'clock, so that he goes to the City serene and joyful after his boiling tea, his crisp toast, and his poached egg and bacon; the children's meal of porridge and brown bread; the ladies' later and fairy-like repast served in bed; every one content and no complaints about the work! In the notice of a lady's death who was found drowned the other day, the husband stated that she had been much worried by the want of a cook. Henceforward there will be no worries. The automatic machine is there, always ready, always punctual, always obliging.

Will the number of fatal and serious accidents that have occurred lately to the occupants of motors deter anyone from driving in them? I fancy so, for even the most hardened lover of novelty and display fears to lose his life, or be disfigured and maimed irrevocably. In Paris it has become impossible for a timid pedestrian to cross the road. In France generally it is no longer pleasant or possible to take a walk. Think of what that means to the poor, the children, the women, those who do not possess motors (and their name is legion). The green lanes of England will soon be dangerous, and, when not dangerous, disagreeable and unhealthy from the amount of dust and the filthy smell caused by the motors. They will never be within the reach of ordinary incomes, yet the great mass of the population must lose their innocent pleasures for the sake of the wild enjoyment of the few. Certainly, if motors have come to stay, they ought to have roads of their own, like railways.

Humanity to animals is a result of civilisation. But what about the excessive worship of animals exhibited by people nowadays? There is a degree between the brutal cruelty to the dumb creation indulged in by Catholic nations and the Latin races especially and the sickly, unnatural affection many women show for their dogs. I know a lady who will not visit her relations in England because she cannot take her dog with her, owing to existing regulations, and others who have given up the enjoyment of villas abroad rather than leave their pets behind them. To my remark to a friend who lived alone in a deserted spot in the winter, that I feared she would feel lonely, she answered, "How can I? I have my dog and my parrot!" I am myself very fond of animals, and like to have a dog about me, but surely this adoration and foolish craze for animals is erring as much, though in another direction, as the exercise of cruelty. Human beings have, after all, the greatest claim on our affection and sympathies, and while there are starving men and women in the world it cannot be right to expend so much time, money, and affection in pampering our pets. The dog that only eats chicken, the peacock that refuses any meat but liver, the cat that prefers and receives cream, are all so many examples of our selfishness and want of balance. Dogs only take what we give. We have no scope for pure unselfishness in our treatment of them, we keep them for our pleasure, we put up, in their case, with no tempers, weaknesses or faults which are the portion of even the best-loved human beings, who need our comprehension and our sympathy.

Ready money *versus* credit is exercising the minds of large shops and dressmakers. Credit means bad debts, but against that it means large expenditure. The woman who pays ready money has the best of it in the long run, for many a time she refrains from a purchase remembering the length of her purse. Formerly every well-established shop gave credit, sometimes for two or three years at a time, now it has become the fashion to send in bills at least twice a year, with the expectation of getting paid. Yet it is certainly true that the really extravagant customer, the woman who does not bargain, but who buys largely, widely, lavishly, the best things at the highest prices will only accept credit. With cheap prices, summer sales, and reduced materials, the shopkeeper obtains a different class of purchaser. The careful woman who wishes to dress well on very little, who bides her time till the price of things goes down, who buys her laces and ribbons at the sales, her furs in summer, and her silks when the world is out of town, she pays ready money, for it is a part of her system, but she spends on the whole very little.

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Music of the Week

PIZZI'S OPERA "ROSALBA"

THE autumnal performances of opera in English came to an end at Covent Garden on Saturday, and on the previous evening the only novelty of the season, namely, a one-act opera, entitled *Rosalba*, by Signor Pizzi, was produced. The music is unquestionably of the modern Italian school, as is best typified by the operas of Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and Puccini. The story concerns a certain prize song. Firmiani, the Venetian composer, who is writing it, cannot find a melody for it, a detail which, even in a sixteenth century song, ought to have been a highly important one. His lady love, Rosalba, formerly a Roman singer, furnishes him with a tune, which gains the prize, although the Venetian is eventually horrified to find that it has

by the excellent Hartlepool Borough Band under Mr. Byers; while the Berkhamstead Volunteer Band carried off the second, and the Upper Norwood Temperance Band the third prize. The championship prize of 40*l.*, and the temporary ownership of the thousand-guinea challenge cup, fell to the famous Black Dyke Band, of Manchester, with Wyke of Huddersfield as second prize-winners; the Lee Mount Band, which secured the prize last year, being now sixth on the list. Challenge cups and money rewards offered by the *Daily Telegraph* were awarded to the Linthwaite Band, and by the *Daily Express* to the Leicester Imperial.

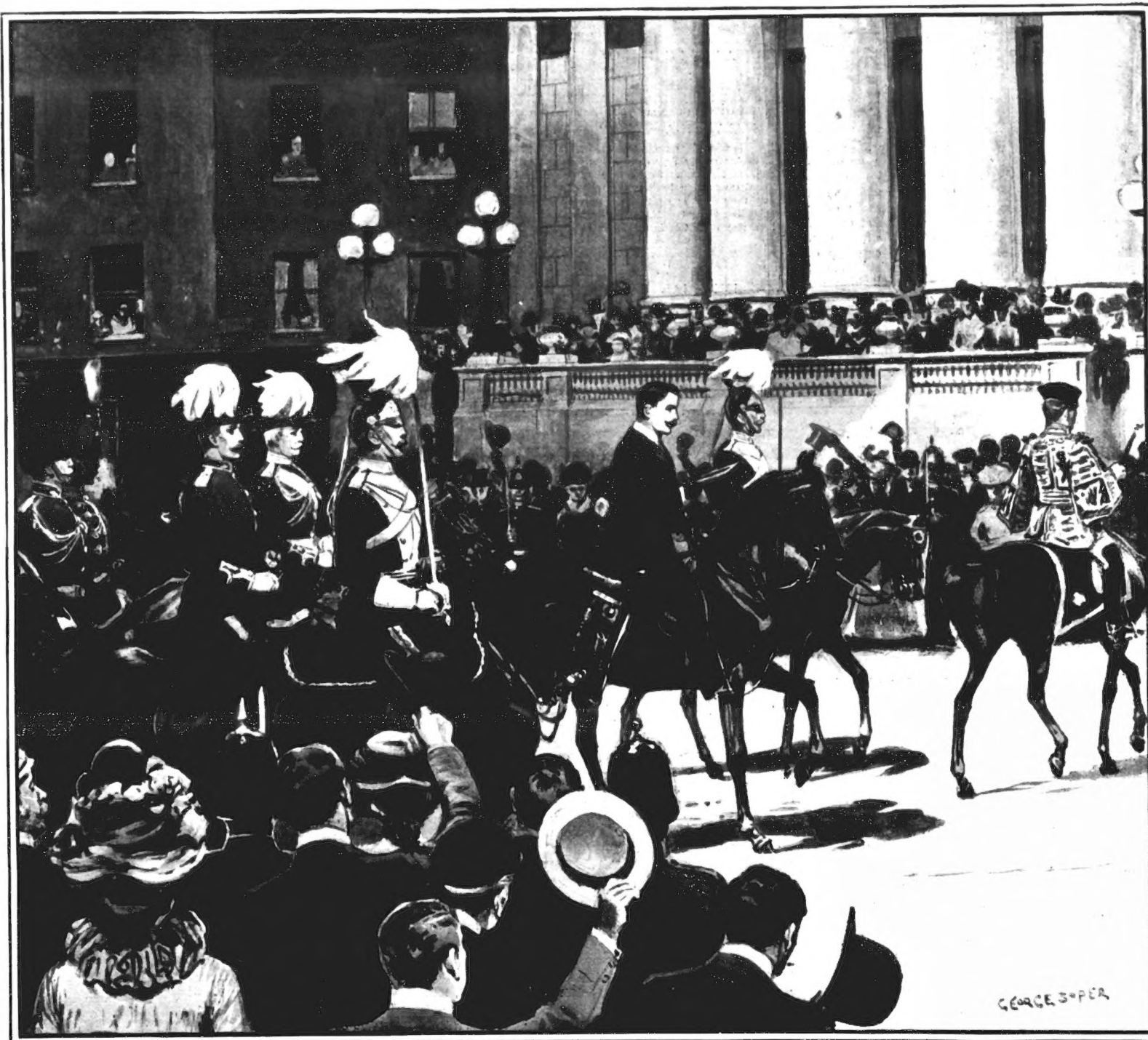
SHEFFIELD FESTIVAL

The Sheffield Musical Festival is taking place this week. The Sheffield choir, which has so ably been trained by Dr. Coward, is the principal feature of the Festival, in the course of which are to be

important part. The libretto is the poem of the late Robert Buchanan, and the story is a realistic description of a shipwreck, preceded by a prologue for Madame Kirkby Lunn and the choir, and followed by an epilogue in which a double chorus is employed.

QUEEN'S HALL

During the present week the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall are being conducted by the first violinist, Mr. Payne, and the programmes are mainly composed of well-known works. The chief addition to the repertory last week was a skilful orchestral prologue to Sophocles' *King Oedipus*, by Herr Max Schilling, who for some years was a member of the Bayreuth Orchestra, and who, obviously, is a disciple of Wagner. On Thursday, too, was produced a new violin concerto by Christian Sinding. The violin part is effective, although the music does not show any great individuality.



DRAWN BY GEORGE SOPER

The Earl of Dudley, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, made his State entry into Dublin last Friday. On arriving at Kingstown Harbour he received an address of welcome signed by 305 magistrates of the County and City of Dublin, which he cordially acknowledged. The Viceregal party travelled to Dublin by special train, and was conducted to the Castle in a long and imposing procession, which

included the Duke of Connaught, commanding the forces in Ireland, the Chief Secretary, and many civil and official dignitaries. There were large crowds along the route; the Lord-Lieutenant (who rode on horseback) and Lady Dudley had almost everywhere a cordial reception, and Mr. Wyndham was also frequently cheered. After a brief stay in the Castle, the progress was continued to the Viceregal Lodge.

FROM A SKETCH BY W. C. MILLS

THE NEW LORD-LIEUTENANT'S STATE ENTRY INTO DUBLIN: THE PROCESSION PASSING THE CITY HALL

been pirated from a certain "Hymn to Venus," composed by the Roman musician Colonna, who was one of the lady's former admirers. He is so disgusted at the trick that has been played upon him, that he adopts the entirely novel revenge of marrying the lady and stifling her and himself with the scent of exotics on their bridal night. The orchestra did not spare the vocalists, but the music of hero and heroine was well sung by Madame Fanny Moody and Mr. O'Mara.

BRASS BAND CONTESTS

The Brass Band competitions at the Crystal Palace took place on Saturday, and drew an immense concourse of nearly 70,000 people. Eighty-eight bands took part in contests for various challenge cups, to which were added about 250*l.* in cash prizes. The challenge cup, worth fifty guineas, with four other prizes in cash, presented by the proprietors of THE GRAPHIC and *Daily Graphic*, was open only to junior bands, and it was won

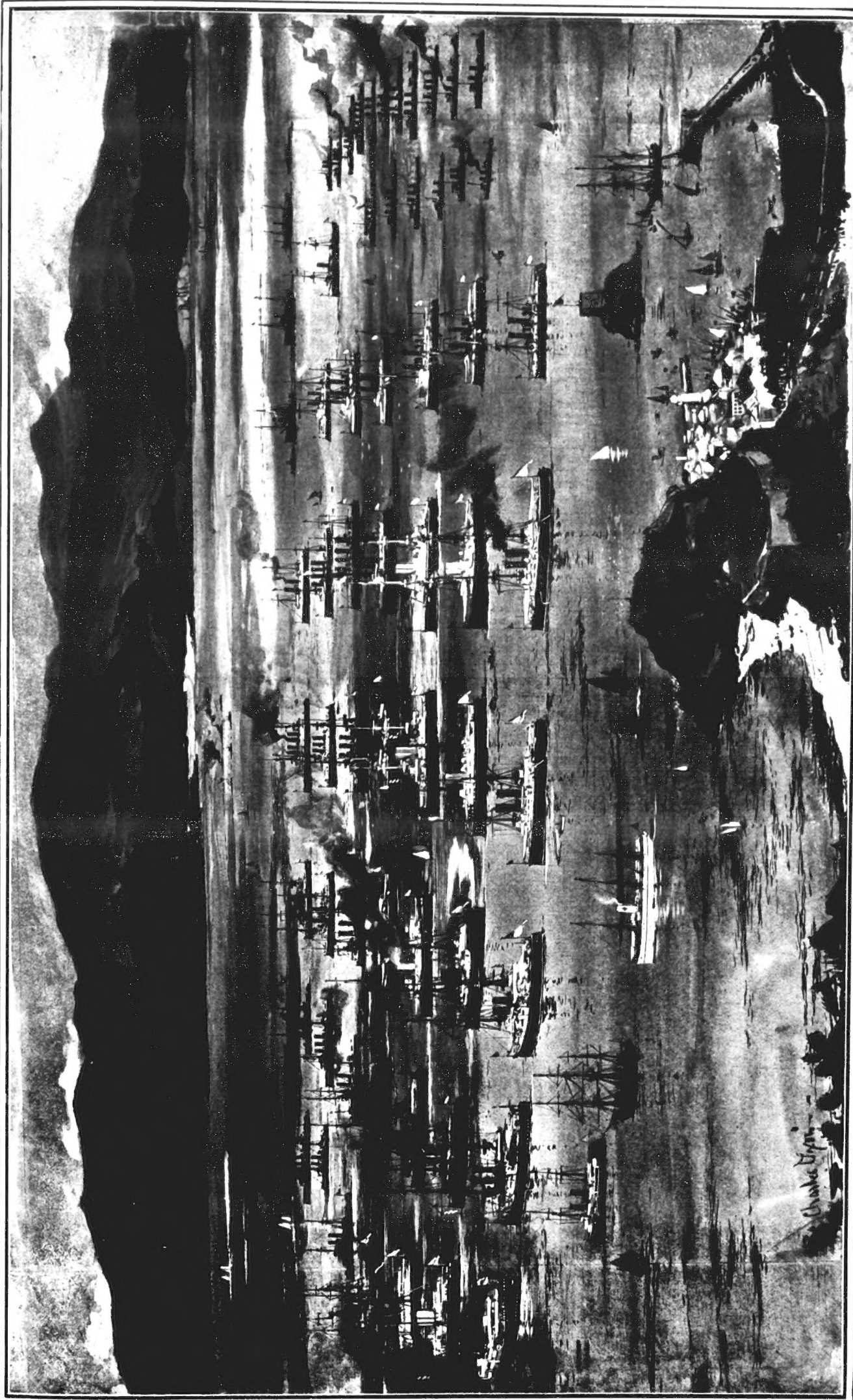
heard *Elijah*, Brahms' *Triumphlied*, Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius*, and *Coronation Ode*, Cowen's *Ode to the Passions*, a selection from Handel's *Judas*, Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, and other works. The novelties included Richard Strauss's *Wanderer's Storm Song*, for six-part chorus, a symphonic poem, *Easter*, by Volbach, Coleridge Taylor's *Meg Blane*, and Dr. Coward's *Gareth and Linet*. Dr. Coward's new cantata is based upon the story of Sir Thomas Malory, of the noble Prince Gareth, who applied to King Arthur for admission to the Round Table, but who, as a test of humility, was condemned to work for a year as a scullion, and was accordingly insulted by Linet, when, at the command of King Arthur, he set out to rescue her sister, then besieged in Castle Perilous. Criticism must, of course, now be avoided, but it may be said that the choral portions are the most important of Dr. Coward's cantata. On the other hand, in regard to *Meg Blane*, the orchestra, beyond question, plays the most

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL

Mr. Manns has undertaken to conduct the Handel Festival, which will take place next year. Mr. Manns, whose left arm is still weak, will not conduct the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts this autumn; the two orchestral performances on November 1 and 15 being directed by Dr. Cowen. Next Saturday the concerts will start with a performance by M. Kubelik, while the engagements include, on October 18, Herr Max Wolfsthal, the violinist of Berlin, on October 25 M. Godowsky, on November 8 Madame Nordica, and on December 13 M. Paderewski.

MR. LLOYD'S REAPPEARANCE

Mr. Lloyd, the eminent tenor, who formally bade farewell to the public at a concert at the Albert Hall, in 1900, will make "his only reappearance" there at Madame Clara Butt's Concert this month, and will afterwards start on a tour of Australia and the United States.



FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT PERRY W. POSTHILL, R.N.

- | | | | | | | | |
|--------------|---------------|-------------|------------|------------|------------|----------------|------------|
| Sutlej | Rainbow | Minerva | Niebo | St. George | Pactolus | Three Colliers | Destroyers |
| Juno | Furious | Diana | Vindictive | Aboukir | Prometheus | | |
| Pandora | Hermione | Naiad | Gladiator | Andromeda | Pioneer | | |
| Hood | Prince George | Renown | Mars | Majestic | Pegasus | | |
| Vengeance | Campanel | Cesar | Jupiter | Ranulph | Pyramus | | |
| Invincible | Invincible | Illustrious | Victorious | Bulwark | Pandora | | |
| Irresistible | Brilliant | London | Formidable | | | | |
- Hospital Ship Maine
- Executioner's Tower
- Store Ship Tyne

A correspondent writes:—"The combined Channel and Mediterranean fleets represent the most powerful combination of vessels ever afloat together, and comprise in all seventy-four vessels—namely, twenty first-class battleships, twenty-two cruisers, twenty-one destroyers, six torpedo-boats, one store ship, 'Tyne', one hospital ship, 'Maine', and three colliers. There is also in the picture the training ship 'Cruiser', now on a cruise in these waters. On to the picture. The sketch was taken from a height of 2,000 feet, on the top of the Nauplia prison and fortress, which is the Grecian 'Portland', and holds the worst criminals in Greece. The executioner's tower is a place of interest, as a life-sentenced criminal lives there who took on the post of executioner to save his own neck, as the berth is not run after. Admiral Sir Compton Dunscombe, K.C.B., is in supreme command of the fleets."

THE MOST POWERFUL COMBINATION OF WARSHIPS EVER SEEN: THE CHANNEL AND MEDITERRANEAN SQUADRONS OFF NAUPLIA

Royal Photographic Society

THE forty-seventh annual exhibition of the above Society opened on Monday last, at the New Gallery, Regent Street, where the north and south rooms are devoted to the works of professional photographers, the fountain court to apparatus exhibits, the gallery to scientific applications of the camera, while the spacious west room is given up to selected pictorial photographs. It is to these last that the ordinary visitor will pay first attention, especially if he or she has taken up this fascinating method of producing pictures, for the ordinary amateur photographer is fond of examining the work of others, especially at this annual show of the parent society, where the pictures of the foremost workers can be seen. There is fashion in photography, as in everything else, and the prevailing taste of to-day is in the direction of photographs which are not too clearly defined, and which leave a good deal for the imaginative faculties to supply.

It is impossible in the space at our command to give anything like a full review of this most interesting exhibition, which, taken all round, is well up to the high average of recent years. The much coveted medals in the pictorial section have been awarded to "A Venetian Market Boat," by Mr. Percy Lewis; a deserted village scene, by Mr. J. M. Whitehead; to a very beautiful woodland scene, by Mr. W. T. Greatbatch; to a characteristic foreign street scene, with peasant women in white caps, called "Marketing," by Mr. J. H. Gash; to a picture called "The rose is sweetness," by Mr. W. A. Stewart; and to a curious little study of pines peeping up through the snow, by Mr. F. R. Fraprie. There are many other pictures in the room, which most people will consider equally worthy of notice.

In the Scientific Section the wonderful spectra shown by Captain Hills, as well as those by Sir Norman Lockyer, will arrest attention, and the various examples of pictures in colour will be examined with interest. In addition to these works there are several microphotographs of metallic alloys by Mr. E. A. Lewis, which exhibit a comparatively new application of the camera and microscope combined. Pictures obtained by the same means of the various organisms associated with the bacterial treatment of sewage by Dr. Clowes, and exhibited by permission of the London County Council, represent a still more novel application of photography, and are most creditable to the industry and great skill of their producer. The Rev. John Bacon shows several excellent pictures taken from the car of his balloon while at an altitude of from 2,000 to 3,000 ft. Dr. Vaughan Cornish, who has recently made a tour in British Columbia, shows a number of winter scenes taken there, some of which are of quite a unique character, and of high scientific interest. From the Royal Observatory at Greenwich come some fine photographs of recent solar eclipses. X-ray photography is well represented by a number of curious examples by Mr. C. T. Holland, one of which, showing sixty-two pieces of needle crowded into a knee joint, will attract particular attention. A swallowed hatpin, shown by the same agency, is a dietetic curiosity. A number of natural history objects may also be seen in this gallery.



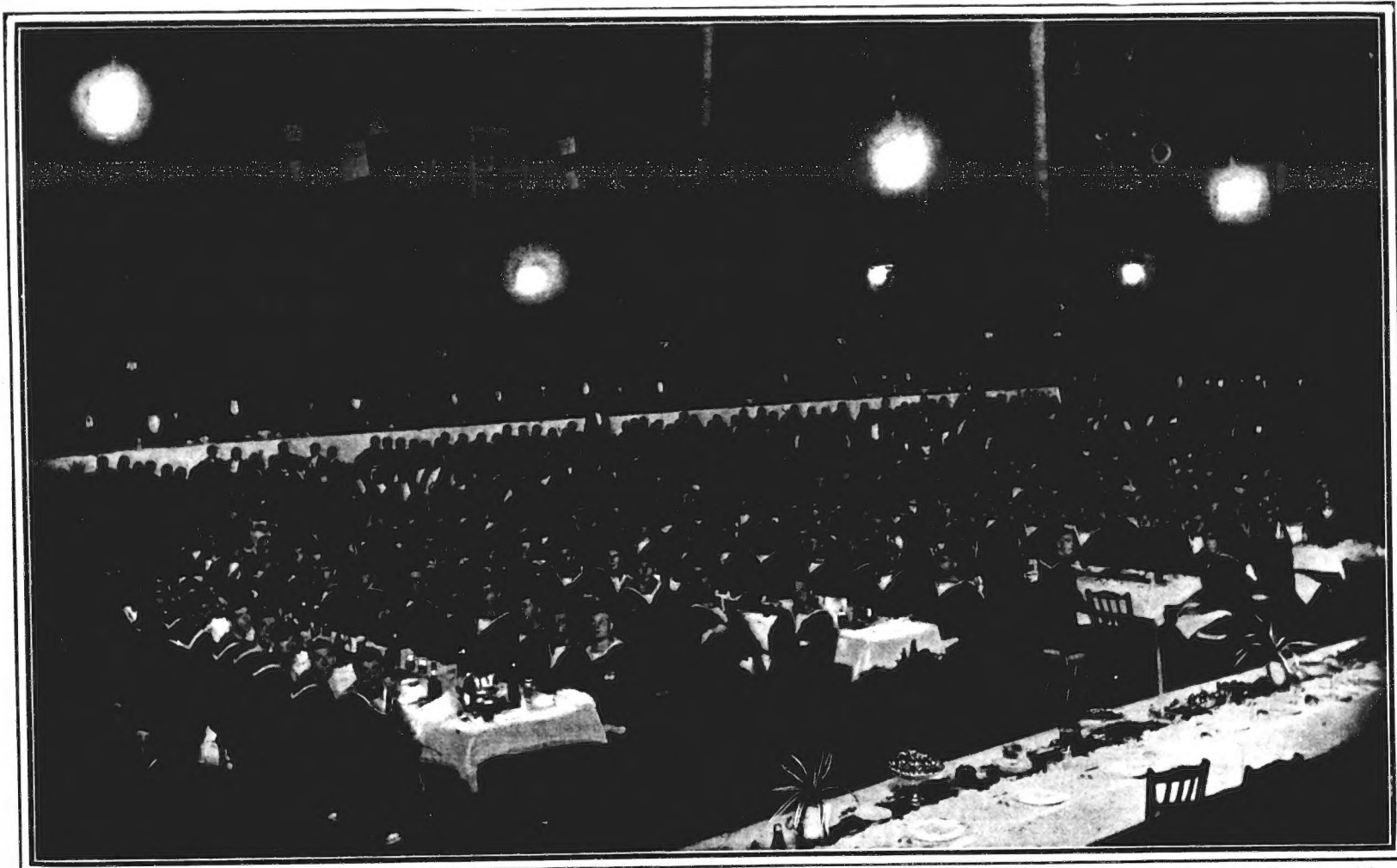
Major Johnson of Cleveland makes a political tour with a caravan. It carries a circus tent, in which he speaks each night. Major Johnson is thought to be the most possible Democratic candidate for the Presidency, as he has the support of Mr. Bryan. Our photograph is by G. G. Bain

MAKING A POLITICAL TOUR IN THE UNITED STATES

In the Apparatus Section Messrs. Sanger, Shepherd, and Co. show a new camera for natural colour photography, the necessary three negatives for this class of work being taken simultaneously by one exposure with only one lens. Another novelty is the Adon telephotographic lens, introduced by Messrs. Dallmeyer, Ltd., which differs from the previous type introduced a few years back by the same firm, in that it is fixed on to the front of the ordinary lens

without removing the latter from the camera, and without fresh focussing. The result is to give a much enlarged image of the subject in hand.

The exhibition will remain open until November 4 every weekday from 10 to 6. It will also be open every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings from 7 to 10 o'clock, when lantern lectures on different photographic subjects will be given in the north room.



The banquet given to Captain Percy Scott, the officers, and crew of H.M.S. *Terrible* in the Connaught Drill Hall, Portsmouth, was a success from every point of view. The Hall was tastefully decorated and the men were seated at twenty-four long tables. The Mayor, Major Dupree, occupied the chair. Our photograph is by Russell and Sons, Southsea

THE HOME-COMING OF H.M.S. "TERRIBLE": THE BANQUET AT PORTSMOUTH

A Babble of Bridges

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

THE proposed utilitarian crusade against the Sonning Bridges, and a copious correspondence thereanent, caused the matter to dwell in my mind as I lounged on the parapet of the stone structure which forms the First Bridge over the Thames, and crosses the tiny stream about a mile and a half from its Source in Gloucestershire. Sitting here on one of the few fine mornings we have had this season, basking in the sun and listening to the ripple of the rivulet as it trickles over the First Weir, it is scarcely to be wondered I drifted into a Dream of Thames Bridges. Excluding those devoted to railway purposes, between the one on which I am sitting and that of London, there must be considerably over half a hundred bridges of various kinds, with which I fancy I am well acquainted, having been under and over the majority. It is a satisfaction to think most of them have been reverentially preserved, though a few—and it is to be feared many more will follow—have fallen victims to the practical lattice-girderism of this iron age.

Leaning over the little grey stone parapet and watching the baby River, I feel I am of the bridge, bridge, and you will scarcely be surprised that I am inclined to babble exclusively of bridges. I note a root of forget-me-nots which has become detached from the bank where they flourish so luxuriantly higher up. Its dainty turquoise blossoms are the sport of the stream; they are carried hither and thither; they ride on the ripples, and presently disappear beneath the arch, and I follow them in imagination through many other arches as they hurry towards the sea. They take me to the quaint millstone bridge at Somersford, the plank contrivances and stone slabs that span the stream hard by Eight Acre Copse, and to that delightfully picturesque village, Ashton Keynes, through which the stream flows, and its countless variety of tiny bridges. "At last the oft-bridged brook some dignity attains, And babbles with a swirling song from Ashton Keynes!" I follow it in imagination as it murmurs past secluded Water Hay, rushes beneath the substantial stone bridge at Cricklade, and gently flows under the plank bridge belonging to the same township—the latter being notable as the first spot on the Thames where it is navigable for canoes. You will be shocked to find that the picturesque combination of weather-beaten stone piers and ancient timbers that crossed the river at Castle Eaton has been removed, and that a matter-of-fact iron-girder of most hideous aspect takes its place, which warns us what may possibly happen at Sonning. It is a satisfaction to find the three sturdy stone arches of Hannington, with their quaint handrails, still remain. So does the high-pitched wooden bridge at Inglesham, at the junction of the canal and the Colne. Lechlade Bridge always strikes me as being somewhat melancholy. Its lofty arch seems to be mourning over departed prosperity, when the Thames was a well-used highway for merchandise, for it is from this spot that the stream is first navigable for barges. Much more do I admire the genial-looking, well-toned brick bridge of Saint Johns lower down, with its picturesque lock—which happens to be the first of the series of thirty-seven—and its quaint "Trout" inn. Even better, architecturally considered, is ancient Radcot Bridge, some four miles below, with its three pointed arches.

Passing beneath the simple one arch of Tadpole, about eight miles further down, New Bridge may be seen. This is the oldest on the river, and I am inclined to think the finest. It has existed for over six hundred years, and it will probably last as long again unless smashed up by the passage of some miserable traction engine. Its six pointed arches and stalwart buttresses are beautifully proportioned and show us that the bridge-builders of the Thirteenth

Century knew how to combine beauty with stability. It is a matter of four miles further before we reach Eynsham, a bridge of the Georgian period, contrasting strangely with the one we have just left and entirely different from that of picturesque Godstow.

The Folly Bridge at Oxford, though brimming with pleasant associations, cannot be nearly so picturesque as it was in days ago, if we may trust the old prints of it still in existence. The ornamental wooden bridge at Nuneham is one of the few of its kind on the river, though erections of a similar nature may be found in some of the backwaters of Hurley and Cookham, lower down. At

well with its surroundings. You cannot help being struck with the variety to be found in the Thames bridges: there are scarcely two of them alike. Notice the next one you come to—that of Shillingford. With its neat construction and its numerous arches—culminating in the big centre one—it is unlike anything you have yet seen. About three miles further on you will find that of Wallingford. Here we have a stone structure, remarkable for its solid workmanship and finely wrought balustrade, which must have carried considerable traffic in the good old coaching days. You must not omit to notice its fine colour and exquisite gradations of

warm and cool greys. Its pictorial value has been duly emphasised in an admirable painting by Mr. George Leslie, R.A., who dwells hereabouts, and who has recently eloquently protested against the sacrifice of the Sonning Bridges. Some distance further on we reach a spot beloved of painters from time immemorial. Here we find the picturesque tangle of white timbers that link the villages of Streasley and Goring. The surroundings are unique in their rural beauty and riparian charm, but doubtless the advocates of lattice-girderism would dearly love to commence operations in this choice spot. You will say this is all nonsense; they would not dare to do it. But I hear that within the last few months they have cleared away the delightful old white bridge—just below—which used to connect Pangbourne and Whitechurch, and that its place has been supplied by demure ironmongery of a severely practical character. So I confess I tremble for the future fate of Streasley.

Possibly the very dullest and most uninteresting part of the Upper Thames is that commencing after you pass the "Roebuck" at Tilehurst and terminating a little below the mouth of the Kennet. Therefore it does not surprise one to find a bridge like that of Caversham included in this unattractive reach. It is what the guide-books call "a handsome iron bridge," and must present a strange contrast to the fine old structure, with its Chapel of the Virgin, that existed here in the olden time. It also presents a striking contrast to the next bridge—that of Sonning—which has lately obtained considerable notoriety in the daily papers. Here again is a spot greatly beloved by painters, and the pictures of it that have been limned by Keeley Halswelle, C. J. Lewis, and Frederick Walker are still gratefully remembered by lovers of the Thames. The whole scene lends itself to pictorial treatment. The beautiful tone of the ancient brick bridge—with its eight arches flanking the high one in the centre, the picturesque wooden bridges leading thereto, the grey lichen-loved tower of Saint Andrews embowered in foliage, the quaint roofs of the "White Hart" and neighbouring buildings, the superb background of fine old trees just beginning to assume the lovely tints of autumn, and the whole mirrored in the stream, silently flowing seaward, constitutes one of the loveliest scenes on the Thames. And it is proposed to break up all this harmony by the introduction of lattice-girders! You might just as well attempt to "improve" a delicate creation by Frederick Walker by adding thereto a chromo-lithograph. It is sincerely to be hoped that the desecration will not be allowed to take place, and that the energetic protests which the proposition has aroused may have the effect of preventing

Sonning from being robbed of its pristine charm.

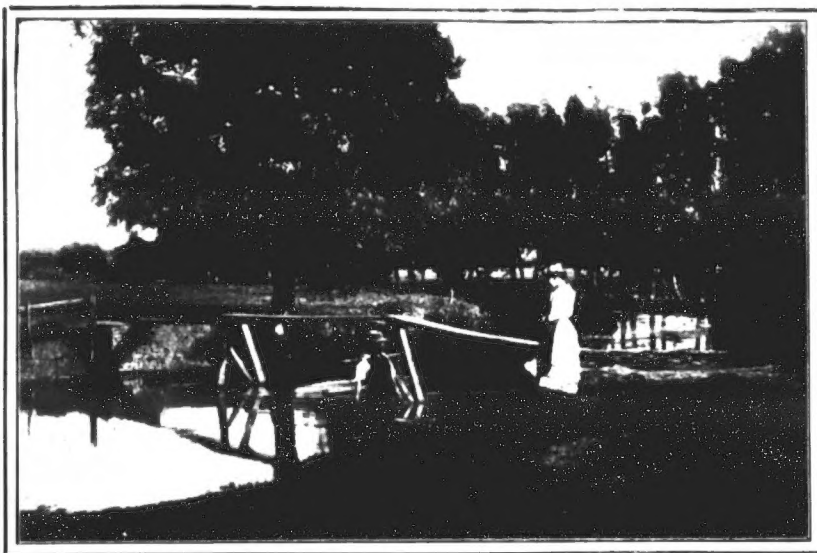
It must be over six miles before we reach another bridge, and then it is one of considerable importance—that of Henley. Marlow suspension bridge is, I suppose, the only one of the kind on the upper part of the river, and I fancy one of the earliest of this species erected in England. It is always associated with the well-known query to bargees, "Who ate the puppy-pie under Marlow bridge?" There is a sting in this question that survives to the present moment, and I would not advise you to open the matter with a bargee unless you are within safe running distance. I did



HER MAJESTY AND THE CROWN PRINCE OF DENMARK
THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA
From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Baker Street

Abingdon may be seen a unique example. It is of massive stone, most substantially constructed by John Huchyns in 1416, and if it is let alone will probably outlast any lattice-girder monstrosity of modern times. It is the only bridge over the Thames now existing with houses upon it.

A little further on we reach Culham. This bridge does not call for especial remark, and eventually we arrive at that of Clifton Hampden—a modern structure of red brick, of six arches. It is becoming nicely toned by the weather, and if there were an additional growth of ivy on some of the arches, it would harmonise



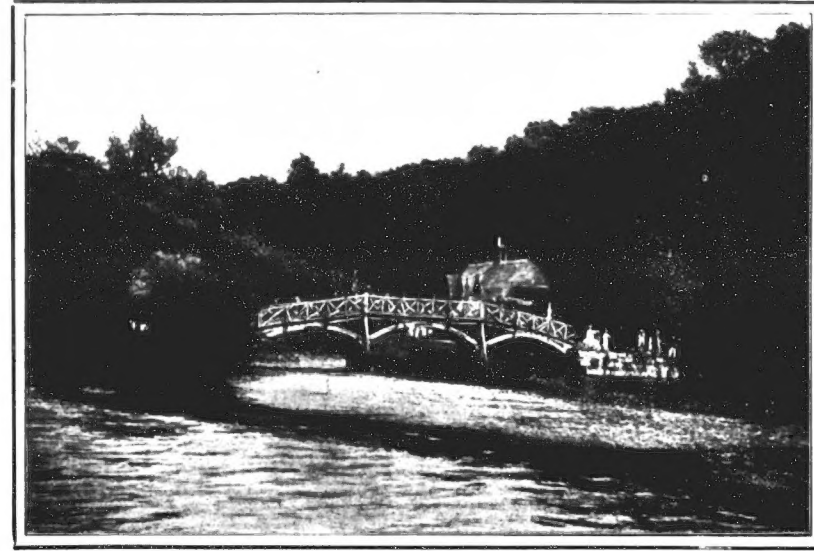
CRICKLADE PLANK BRIDGE



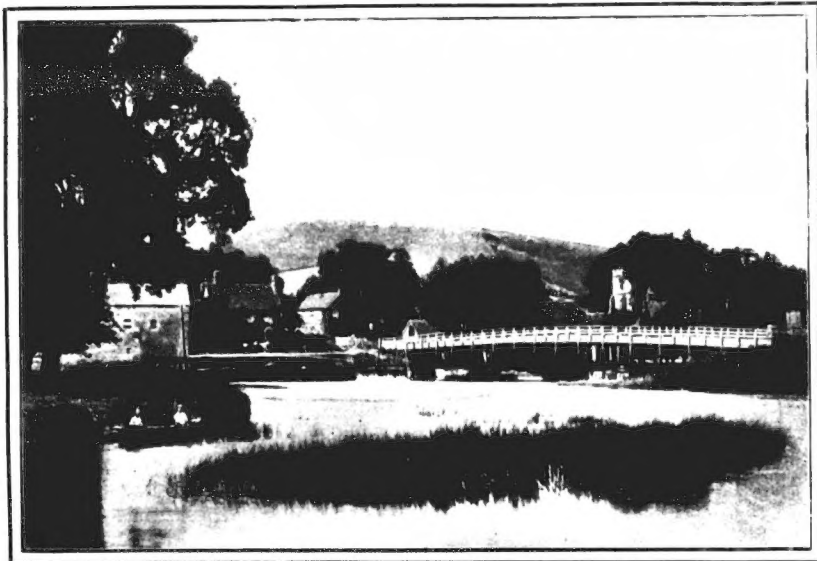
RADCOT BRIDGE



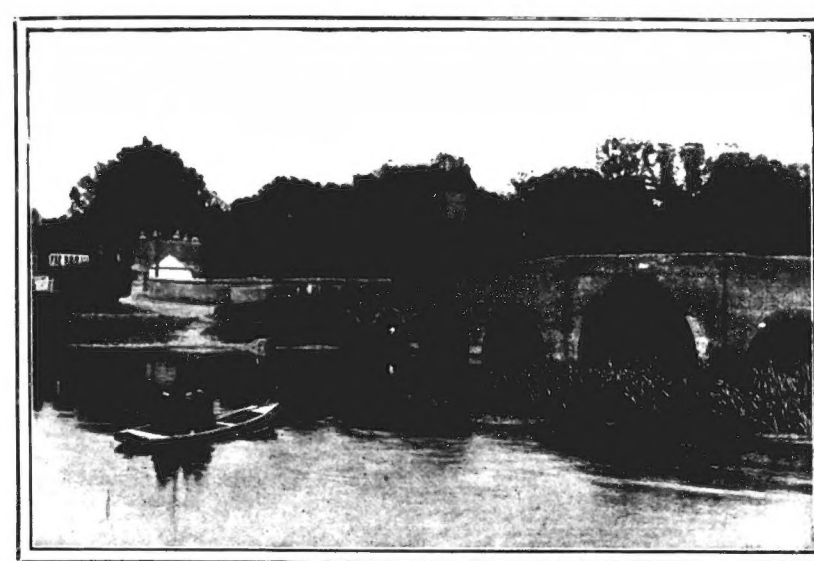
NEW BRIDGE



NUNEHAM BRIDGE AND COTTAGE, FROM THE BERKSHIRE SHORE



STREATLEY BRIDGE AND CHURCH



SONNING BRIDGE

THE THREATENED VANDALISM ON THE THAMES: SONNING BRIDGE AND SOME OF ITS PICTURESQUE COMPANIONS

From Photographs by H. W. Taunt and Co.

once, and I think I never in my life heard so much bad language compressed within three minutes. Marlow Bridge, with the church, the weir, the "Complete Angler," and the leafy background of the Quarr Woods, makes a pretty enough picture.

Oh, gaze from the Bridge on the tossing tide—
'Tis good to ponder and moon and dream—
While the waters dimple and curve and glide
To ceaseless song of the swirling stream!
For the love and laughter of yester year—
The poem of youth with its reckless rhymes—
Seems mingled with music of Marlow Weir,
And finds an echo in Marlow Chimes!

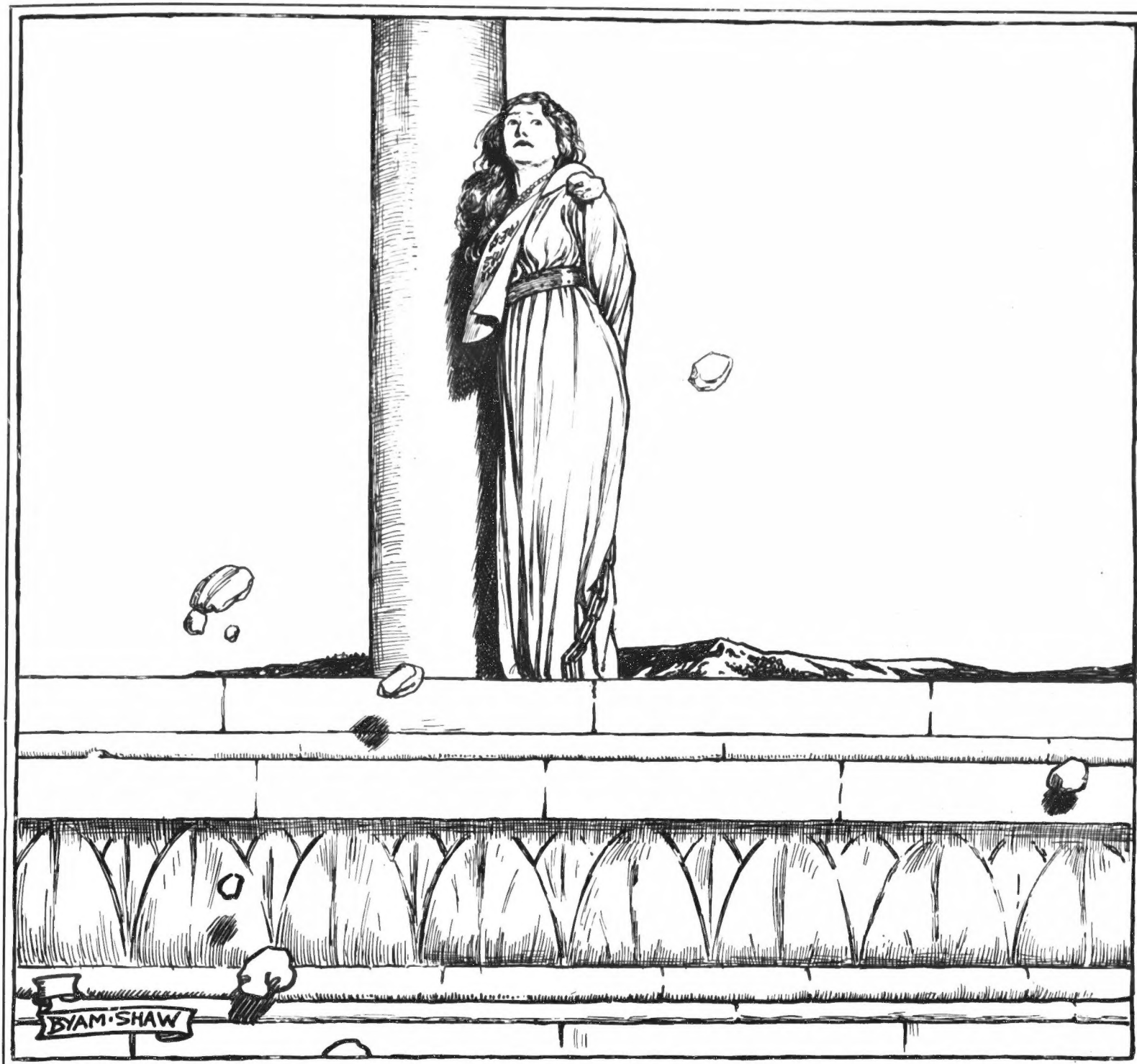
Charming enough is the landscape as you approach Cookham. But the fair prospect is by no means improved by the iron bridge that here crosses the river. It is true this structure might have been worse, but it does not harmonise with the old church, the

quaint village, and the peeps of Hedsor and Cliveden, like the massive old wooden bridge that once here spanned the stream. This structure was of the same school as the old bridges of Hampton Court and Putney, and must have gladdened the heart of Frederick Walker, who sojourned in these parts, painted some of his finest pictures in the neighbourhood, and finally rested in the churchyard of Holy Trinity. Just before entering Cookham lock you may notice a slight high-pitched wooden foot-bridge. Though it appears to be frail in construction, it has held its own ever since I have known the river, and I daresay long before that.

After traversing perhaps the most beautiful part of the river we reach Maidenhead. I have said that no two of the Thames bridges are alike, and though this is true, there is assuredly a family likeness between some of them. I fancy you see this to a certain extent in comparing Eynsham and Wallingford, and you certainly recognise the fact with regard to Henley and Maidenhead. They

are both similar in general design, though I fancy the last has an advantage in its number of arches: they both harmonise with their surroundings and seem rather to have grown gently and naturally rather than to have been violently and aggressively built. Like Henley, Maidenhead is full of reminiscence and association. The structure abounds in pleasant pictures, and its arches are full of echoes—delightful echoes of the past and of yesterday, which it is mighty pleasant to recall—

Dear me! I have been so occupied in following my forget-me-nots that swirled through the arch just now, that I am surprised to find that I am still lounging on the First Bridge on the Thames, though I have taken an imaginary voyage of well-nigh a hundred and twenty miles. Just one o'clock! I'm very hungry and have a long walk before I am within measurable distance of luncheon. So my Babble of Bridges is at an end.



"There in the red light of the sunset, with her hands bound, a placard setting out her shame upon her breast, and chained like a wild beast to the column of marble, Miriam was left alone."

PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GATE OF NICANOR

ANOTHER two hours went by, and the lengthening shadows cast through the stonework of the lattice told Miriam that the day was drawing to its end. Suddenly the bolts were shot and the door opened.

"The time is at hand," she said to herself, and at the thought her heart beat fast and her knees trembled, while a mist came before her eyes, so that she could not see. When it passed she looked up, and there before her, very handsome and stately, though worn with war and hunger, stood Caleb, sword in hand and clad in a breast-plate dented with many blows. At the sight, Miriam's courage came back to her; at least before him she would show no fear.

"Are you sent to carry out my sentence?" she asked.

He bowed his head. "Yes, a while hence, when the sun sinks," he answered bitterly. "That judge, Simeon, who ordered you to be searched, is a man with a savage heart. He thought that I tried to save you from the wrath of the Sanhedrim; he thought that I—"

"Let be what he thought," interrupted Miriam, "and, friend Caleb, do your office. When we were children together often you

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have tied my hands and feet with flowers, do you remember? Well, tie them now with cords, and make an end."

"You are cruel," he said, wincing.

"Indeed! some might have thought that you are cruel. If, for instance, they had heard your words in that tower last night when you gave up my name to the Jews and linked it with another's."

"Oh! Miriam," he broke in in a pleading voice, "if I did this—and in truth I scarcely know what I did—it was because love and jealousy maddened me."

"Love? The love of the lion for the lamb! Jealousy? Why were you jealous? Because, having striven to murder Marcus—oh! I saw the fight and it was little better, for you smote him unawares, being fully prepared when he was not—you feared lest I might have saved him from your fangs. Well, thanks be to God! I did save him as I hope. And now, officer of the most merciful and learned Sanhedrim, do your duty."

"At least, Miriam," Caleb went on, humbly, for her bitter words, unjust as they were in part, seemed to crush him, "at least, I strove my best for you to-day—after I found time to think."

"Yes," she answered, "to think that other lions would get the lamb which you chance to desire for yourself."

"More," he continued, taking no note. "I have made a plan."

"A plan to do what?"

"To escape. If I give the signal on your way to the gate where

I must lead you, you will be rescued by certain friends of mine who will hide you in a place of safety, while I, the officer, shall seem to be cut down. Afterwards I can join you and under cover of the night, by a way of which I know, we will fly together."

"Fly? Where to?"

"To the Romans, who will spare you because of what you did yesterday—and me also."

"Because of what you did yesterday?"

"No—because you will say that I am your husband. It will not be true, but what of that?"

"What of it, indeed?" asked Miriam, "since it can always become true. But how is it that you, being one of the first of the Jewish warriors, are prepared to fly and ask mercy of your foes? Is it because—"

"Spare to insult me, Miriam. You know well why it is. You know well that I am no traitor, and that I do not fly for fear."

"Yes," she answered, in a changed tone, for his manly words touched her, "I know that."

"It is for you that I fly, for your sake I will eat this dirt and crown myself with shame. I fly that for the second time I may save you."

"And in return you demand—what?"

"Yourself."

"That I will not give, Caleb. I reject your offer."

"I feared it," he answered huskily, "who am accustomed to such denials. Then I demand this, for I know that if once you pass your word I may trust it: that you will not marry the Roman Marcus."

"I cannot marry the Roman Marcus any more than I can marry you, because neither of you are Christians, and as you know well it is laid upon me as a birth duty that I may take no man to husband who is not a Christian."

"For your sake, Miriam," he answered slowly, "I am prepared to be baptised into your faith. Let this show you how much I love you."

"It does not show that you love the faith, Caleb, nor if you did love it could I love you. Jew or Christian, I cannot be your wife."

He turned his face to the wall and for a while was silent. Then he spoke again.

"Miriam, so be it. I will still save you. Go, and marry Marcus, if you can, only, if I live, I will kill him if I can, but that you need scarcely fear, for I do not think that I shall live."

She shook her head. "I will not go, who am weary of flights and hidings. Let God deal with me and Marcus and you as He pleases. Yet I thank you, and am sorry for the unkind words I spoke. Oh! Caleb, cannot you put me out of your mind? Are there not many fairer women who would be glad to love you? Why do you waste your life upon me? Take your path and suffer me to take mine. Yet all this talk is foolishness, for both are likely to be short."

"Yours, and that of Marcus the Roman, and my own are all one path, Miriam, and I seek no other. As a lad, I swore that I would never take you, except by your own wish, and to that oath I hold. Also, I swore that if I could I would kill my rival, and to that oath I hold. If he kills me, you may wed him. If I kill him, you need not wed me unless you so desire. But this fight is to the death, yes, whether you live or die, it is still to the death as between me and him. Do you understand?"

"Your words are very plain, Caleb, but this is a strange hour to choose to speak them, seeing that, for aught I know, Marcus is already dead, and that within some short time I shall be dead, and that death threatens you and all within this Temple."

"Yet we live, Miriam, and I believe that for none of the three of us is the end at hand. Well, you will not fly, either with me or without me?"

"No, I will not fly."

"Then the time is here, and, having no choice, I must do my duty, leaving the rest to fate. If, perchance, I can rescue you afterwards, I will, but do not hope for such a thing."

"Caleb, I neither hope nor fear. Henceforth I struggle no more. I am in other Hands than yours, or those of the Jews, and as They fashion the clay so shall it be shaped. Now, will you find me?"

"I have no such command. Come forth if it pleases you, the officers wait without. Had you wished to be rescued, I should have taken the path on which my friends await us. Now we must go another."

"So be it," said Miriam, "but first give me that jar of water, for my throat is parched."

He lifted it to her lips and she drank deeply. Then they went. Outside the cloister four men were waiting, two of them those doorkeepers who had searched her in the morning, the others soldiers.

"You have been a long while with the pretty maid, master," said one of them to Caleb. "Have you been receiving confession of her sins?"

"I have been trying to receive confession of the hiding-place of the Roman, but the witch is obstinate," he answered, glaring angrily at Miriam.

"She will soon change her tune on the gateway, master, where the nights are cold and the day is hot for those who have neither cloaks for their backs nor water for their stomachs. Come on, Blue Eyes, but first give me that necklet of pearls, which may serve to buy a bit of bread or a drink of wine," and he thrust his filthy hand into her breast.

Next instant a sword flashed in the red light of the evening to fall full on the ruffian's skull, and down he went dead or dying.

"Brute," said Caleb with an angry snarl, "go to seek bread and wine in Gehenna. The maid is doomed to death, not to be plundered by such as you. Come, forward."

The companions of the fallen man stared at him. Then one laughed, for death was too common a sight to excite pity or surprise, and said:

"He was ever a greedy fellow. Let us hope that he has gone where there is more to eat."

Then, preceded by Caleb, they marched through the long cloisters, passed an inner door, turned down more cloisters on the right, and, following the base of the great wall, came to its beautiful centre gate, Nicanor, that was adorned with gold and silver, and stood between the Court of Women and the Court of Israel. Over this gateway was a square building, fifty feet or more in height, containing store chambers and places where the priests kept their instruments of music. On its roof, which was flat, were three columns of marble, terminated by gilded spikes. By the gate one of the Sanhedrim was waiting for them, that same relentless judge, Simeon, who had ordered Miriam to be searched.

"Has the woman confessed where she hid the Roman?" he asked of Caleb.

"No," he answered, "she says that she knows nothing of any Roman."

"Is it so, woman?"

"It is so, Rabbi."

"Bring her up," he went on sternly, and they passed through some stone chambers to a place where there was a staircase with a door of cedar-wood. The judge unlocked it, locking it again behind them, and they climbed the stairs till they came to another little door of stone, which, being opened, Miriam found herself on the roof of the gateway. They led her to the centre pillar, to which was fastened an iron chain about ten feet in length. Here Simeon commanded that her hands should be bound behind her, which was done. Then he brought out of his robe a scroll written in large

letters, and tied it on her breast. This was the writing on the scroll:

"Miriam, Nazarene and Traitor, is doomed here to die as God shall appoint, before the face of her friends, the Romans."

Then followed several signatures of members of the Sanhedrim, including that of her grandfather, Benoni, who had thus been forced to show the triumph of patriotism over kinship.

This done the end of the chain was made fast round her middle and riveted with a hammer in such fashion that she could not possibly escape its grip. Then all being finished the men prepared to leave. First, however, Simeon addressed her:

"Stay here, accursed traitress, till your bones fall piecemeal from that chain," he said, "stay, through storm and shine, through light and darkness, while Roman and Jew alike make merry of your sufferings, which, if my voice had been listened to, would have been shorter but more cruel. Daughter of Satan, go back to Satan and let the Son of the carpenter save you if he can."

"Spare to revile the maid," broke in Caleb furiously, "for curses are spears that fall on the heads of those that throw them."

"Had I my will," answered the Rabbi, "a spear should fall upon your head, insolent, who dare to rebuke your elders. Begone before me, and be sure of this, that if you strive to return here it shall be for the last time. More is known about you, Caleb, than you think, and perhaps you also would make friends among the Romans."

Caleb made no answer, for he knew the venom and power of this Zealot Simeon, who was the chosen friend and instrument of the savage John of Gischala. Only he looked at Miriam with sad eyes, and, muttering "You would have it so, I can do no more. Farewell," left her to her fate.

So there in the red light of the sunset, with her hands bound, a placard setting out her shame upon her breast, and chained like a wild beast to the column of marble, Miriam was left alone. Walking as near to the little battlement as the length of her chain would allow, she looked down into the Court of Israel, where many of the Zealots had gathered to catch sight of her. So soon as they saw her they yelled and hooted and cast a shower of stones, one of which struck her on the shoulder. With a little cry of pain she ran back as far as she could reach on the further side of the pillar. Hence she could see the great Court of Women, whence the Gate Nicanor was approached by fifteen steps forming the half of a circle and fashioned of white marble. This court now was nothing but a camp, for the outer Court of the Gentiles having been taken by the Romans, their battering-rams were working at its walls.

Then the night fell, but brought no peace with it, for the rams smote continually, and since they were not strong enough to break through the huge stones of the mighty wall, the Romans renewed their attempt to take them by storm in the hours of darkness. But, indeed, it was no darkness, for the Jews lit fires upon the top of the wall, and by their light drove off the attacking Romans. Again and again, from her lofty perch, Miriam could see the scaling ladders appear over the crest of the wall. Then up them would come long lines of men, each holding a shield above his head. As the foremost of these scrambled on to the wall, the waiting Jews rushed at them and cut them down with savage shouts, while other Jews seizing the rungs of the ladder, thrust it from the coping to fall with its living load back into the ditch beneath. Once there were great cries of joy, for two standard-bearers had come up the ladders carrying their ensigns with them. The men were overpowered and the ensigns captured to be waved derisively at the Romans beneath, who answered the insult with sullen roars of rage.

So things went on till at length the legionaries, wearying of this desperate fighting, took another counsel. Hitherto Titus had desired to preserve all the Temple, even to the outer courts and cloisters, but now he commanded that the gates built of great beams of cedar and overlaid with silver plates should be fired. Through a storm of spears and arrows soldiers rushed up to them and thrust lighted brands into every joint and hinge. They caught, and presently the silver plates ran down their blazing surface in molten streams of metal. Nor was this all, for from the gates the fire spread to the cloisters on either side, nor did the outworn Jews attempt to stay its ravages. They drew back sullenly, and seated in groups upon the paving of the Court of Women, watching the circle of devouring flame creep slowly on. At length the sun rose. Now the Romans were labouring to extinguish the fire at the gateway, and to make a road over the ruins by which they might advance. When it was done at last, with shouts of triumph the legionaries, commanded by Titus himself and accompanied by a body of horsemen, advanced into the Court of Women. Back before them fled the Jews, pouring up the steps of the Gate Nicanor, on the roof of which Miriam was chained to her pinnacle. But of her they took no note, none had time to think, or even to look at a single girl bound there on high in punishment for some offence, of which the most of them knew nothing. Only they manned the walls to right and left, and held the gateway, but to the roof where Miriam was they did not climb, because its parapet was too low to shelter them from the arrows of their assailants.

The Romans saw her, however, for she perceived that some of his officers were pointing her out to a man on horseback, clad in splendid armour, over which fell a purple cloak, whom she took to be Titus himself. Also one of the soldiers shot an arrow at her which struck upon the spiked column above her head and, rebounding, fell at her feet. Titus noted this, for she saw the man brought before him, and by his gestures gathered that the general was speaking to him angrily. After this no more arrows were shot at her, and she understood that their curiosity being stirred by the sight of a woman chained upon a gateway they did not wish to do her mischief.

Now the August sun shone out from a cloudless sky till the hot air danced above the roofs of the Temple and the pavings of the courts, and the thousands shut within their walls were glad to crowd into the shadow to shelter from its fiery beams. But Miriam could not escape them thus. In the morning and again in the afternoon she was able indeed, by creeping round it, to take refuge in the narrow line of shade thrown by the marble column to which she was

made fast. At mid-day, however, it flung no shadow, so for all those dreadful hours she must pant in the burning heat without a drop of water to allay her thirst. Still she bore it till at length came evening and its cool.

That day the Romans made no attack, nor did the Jews attempt a sally. Only some of the lighter of the engines were brought into the Court of Women, whence they hurled their great stones and heavy darts into the Court of Israel beyond. Miriam watched them as they rushed by her, once or twice so close that the wind they made stirred her hair. The sight fascinated her and took her mind from her own sufferings. She could see the soldiers working at the levers and pulleys till the strings of the catapult, or the boards of the ballista, were drawn to their places. Then the dart or the stone was set in the groove prepared to receive it, a cord was pulled, and the missile sped upon its way, making an angry humming noise as it clove the air. At first it looked small; then, approaching, it grew large, to become small again to her following sight as its journey was accomplished. Sometimes the stones, which did more damage than the darts, fell upon the paving and bounded along it, marking their course by fragments of shattered marble and a cloud of dust. At others, directed by an evil fate, they crashed into groups of Jews, destroying all they touched. Wandering to and fro among these people was that crazed man Jesus, the son of Annas, who had met them with his ill prophetic cry as they entered into Jerusalem, and whose ill-omened voice Miriam had heard again before Marcus was taken at the fight in the Old Tower. To and fro he went, none hindering him, though many thrust their fingers in their ears and looked aside as he passed, wailing forth: "Woe, woe to Jerusalem! Woe to the city and the Temple!" Of a sudden, as Miriam watched, he was still for a moment, then throwing up his arms, cried in a piercing voice—"Woe, woe to myself!" Before the echo of his words had died against the Temple walls, a great stone cast from the Court of Women rushed upon him through the air and felled him to the earth. On it went with vast bounds, but Jesus, the son of Annas, lay still. Now, in the hour of the accomplishment of his prophecy, his pilgrimage was ended.

All the day the cloisters that surrounded the Court of Women burned fiercely, but the Jews, whose heart was out of them, did not sally forth, and the Romans made no attack upon the inner Court of Israel. At length the last rays of the setting sun struck upon the slopes of the Mount of Olives, the white tents of the Roman camps, and the hundreds of crosses, each bearing its ghastly burden, that filled the Valley of Jehoshaphat and climbed up the mountain sides wherever space could be found for them to stand. Then over the tortured, famished city down fell the welcome night. To none was it more welcome than to Miriam, for with it came a copious dew which seemed to condense upon the gilded spike of her marble pillar, whence it trickled so continually, that by licking a little channel in the marble, she was enabled, before it ceased, to allay the worst pangs of her thirst. This dew gathered upon her hair, bared neck and garments, so that through them also she seemed to take in moisture and renew her life. After this she slept a while, expecting always to be awakened by some fresh conflict. But on that night none took place, the fight was for the morrow. Meanwhile there was peace.

Miriam dreamed in her sleep, and in this dream many visions came to her. She saw this sacred hill of Moriah, whereon the Temple stood, as it had been in the beginning, a rugged spot clothed with ungrafted carob trees and olives and inhabited, not of men, but by wild boars and the hyenas that preyed upon their young. Almost in its centre lay a huge black stone. To this stone came a man clad in the garb of the Arabs of the desert, and with him a little lad whom he bound upon the stone as though to offer him in sacrifice. Then, as he was about to plunge a knife into his heart, a glory shone round the place, and a voice cried to him to hold his hand. This was the vision of the offering of Isaac. It passed, and there came another vision.

Again she saw the sacred height of Moriah, and lo! a Temple stood upon it, a splendid building, but not that which she knew, and in front of this Temple the same black rock. On the rock, where once the lad had been bound, was an altar, and before the altar a glorious man clad in priestly robes, who offered sacrifice of lambs and oxen and in a sonorous voice gave praise to Jehovah in the presence of a countless host of people. This she knew was the vision of Solomon the King.

It passed, and lo! by this same black rock stood another man, pale and eager-faced, with piercing eyes, who reproached the worshippers in the Temple because of the wickedness of their hearts, and drove them from before him with a scourge of cords. This she knew was a vision of Jesus, the Son of Mary, that Messiah whom she worshipped, for as he drove out the people he prophesied the desolation that should fall upon them, and as they fled they mocked him.

The vision passed, and again she saw the black rock, but now it lay beneath a gilded dome and light fell upon it through painted windows. About it moved many priests whose worship was strange to her, and so they seemed to move for ages. At length the doors of that dome were burst open, and upon the priests rushed fair-faced, stately-looking men, clad in white mail and bearing upon their shields and breastplates the symbol of the Cross. They slaughtered the votaries of the strange worship, and once more the rock was red with blood. Now they were gone in turn and other priests moved beneath the dome, but the Cross had vanished thence, and its pinnacles were crowned with crescents.

That vision passed, and there came another of dim, undistinguishable hordes that tore down the crescents and slaughtered the ministers of the strange faith, and gave the domed Temple to the flames.

That vision passed and once more the summit of Mount Moriah was as it had been in the beginning: the wild olive and the wild fig flourished among its desolate terraces, the wild boar roamed beneath their shade, and there were none to hunt him. Only the sunlight and the moonlight still beat upon the ancient Rock of Sacrifice.

That vision passed, and lo! around the rock, filling the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the valleys beyond, and the Mount of Olives and the mountains above, yes, and the empty air between earth

and sky, further than the eye could reach, stood, rank upon rank all the countless million millions of mankind, all the millions that had been and were yet to be, gazing, every one of them, anxiously, and in utter silence upon the scarred and naked Rock of Sacrifice. Now upon the rock there grew a glory so bright that at the sight of it all the millions of millions abased their eyes. And from the glory pealed forth a voice as of a trumpet, that seemed to say:

"This is the end and the beginning, all things are accomplished in their order, now is the day of decision."

Then, in her dream, the sun turned red as blood, and the stars seemed to fall and winds shook the world, and darkness covered it, and in the winds and the darkness were voices, and standing upon the rock, its arms stretched east and west, a cross of fire, and filling the heavens above the cross, company upon company of angels. This last vision of judgment passed also and Miriam awoke again to see the watch-fires of the Romans burning in the Court of Women before her, and from the Court of Israel behind her, where they were herded like cattle in the slaughterer's yard, to hear the groans of the starving Jews who to-morrow were destined to the sword.

(To be continued)

Emile Zola

SOME months after Émile Zola's triumphant return to Paris from his exile in England the present writer spent an afternoon with him. He was in one of his gayest moods, and the visitor remarked upon his obvious happiness. "Ah!" he exclaimed, with a gratified smile and a shrug of his shoulders, "*j'ai un trait avec le bon Dieu!*" It is terrible to contrast that arrogantly joyous exclamation with the tragedy which was played out in the same house last Monday morning—"the stupid death which," as a French paper said the other day, "sends the literature of all countries into mourning and is deplored by the whole world." It is, indeed, deplored by the whole world that counts, by all who admire real genius, by all who can appreciate a noble and self-sacrificing soul, and especially by that smaller world that knew him, knew his gentle nature, his large heart, how much better he was even than his greatest works, and how richly he deserved the most extravagant eulogies called forth by his wonderful championship of a deeply wronged fellow-man.

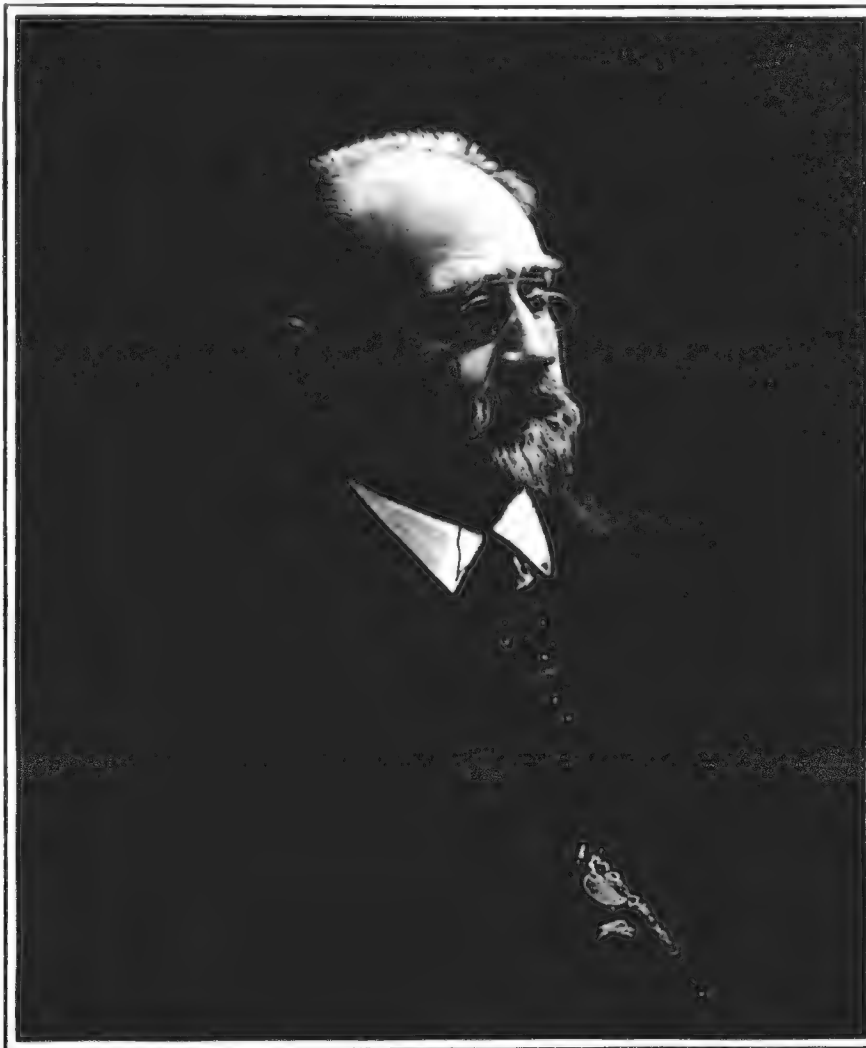
The son of an Italian engineer who gave Aix its present water supply, Émile Zola was born in Paris a little over sixty-two years ago. His father died while he was yet a child, and until his seventeenth year he spent a careless and happy life, attending the college at Aix, and giving up his leisure to country rambles and the poetry of Alfred de Musset. In 1858 he went with his family to Paris, and won a scholarship at the Lycée Saint Louis. In his first examination he failed, and after a couple of years of intense privation he obtained a situation as clerk in the publishing house of Hachette and Co. Here he wrote his first volume of stories, "*Contes à Ninon*." The book was not a success, and in 1865 he turned to journalism. To a Lyons paper he contributed a series of criticisms, in which he gave the first crude exposition of his Naturalistic views. With the reputation thus formed, he left Hachette's and became a contributor to the *Événement*, then under the direction of M. Villemessant. One or two novels of no particular merit were published by him about this period, and it was not until 1867 that he really attracted the serious attention of the reading public. In that year he completed and issued "*Thérèse Raquin*," a powerfully unpleasant work, which founded Zolaism on a fairly secure foundation. In this work his æsthetic theories were clearly worked out. He exemplified at once his strong pessimistic bias and the minuteness of his method. The success of "*Thérèse Raquin*" induced him to contemplate a bolder flight. After publishing "*Manet*" and "*Madeleine Féral*" in 1868 he began laying the foundation of a remarkable series of political, social, and physiological studies, entitled "*Les Rougon-Macquart, Histoire Naturelle et Sociale d'une Famille sous le second Empire*." This series, to the writing of which M. Zola gave twenty years of immense labour, contains the whole evangel of Zolaism. It is an elaborate illustration of the methods of art as understood of M. Zola and of the whole gamut of his remarkable genius. In spite of its unalluring subjects, it is, beyond question, one of the greatest works in modern fiction. The series includes all his best-known romances—"La Fortune des Rougon," "La Curée," "Le Ventre de Paris," "La Conquête de Plassans," "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," "Son Excellence Eugène Rougon," "L'Assommoir," "Nana," "La Joie de Vivre," "Au Bonheur des Dames," "Germinal," and "Dr. Pascal."

Among the unthinking and superficial multitude it is the fashion to regard M. Zola as an ultra-immoral writer and nothing more. Indeed, even critics of respectable rank have failed to render him the commonest measure of justice; and one marvels when one finds a writer of the standing of Mr. Andrew Lang picturing him as a sort of combination of pander and charlatan. This view will certainly not stand the test of an impartial study

of the Rougon-Macquart series. It is, perhaps, a pity that that work deals so largely with the seamy side of humanity; but, once granted that an artist has the right to hold pessimistic opinions, it is difficult to deny the reasonableness, if not the expediency, of the methods with which M. Zola treats his themes. He demands that art shall be severely objective and laboriously minute, and he applies this demand unflinchingly to the social conditions with which, rightly or wrongly, he feels himself called upon to deal. Nor is the result disappointing, even if it be unsavoury. It is difficult to point to one of his characters which is not instinct with life and individuality, or to indicate a page he has written which does not contain evidence of a powerful and original genius. In boldness of conception, too, his work stands out clearly against all the fiction of his contemporaries. The central idea of his *opus magnum* is, perhaps, the most ambitious and the most elaborate ever dreamed of by a romancer. His aim was to study the complex play of heredity through several generations of a very ordinary family, illustrating in each one of his army of characters the peculiar developments resulting from inherited characteristics modified by infusions of alien blood and by varying circumstances of life. It is true that the picture as a whole is gloomy, febrile, and repulsive, but the same power which produces these results is occasionally capable of lighter and sweeter illusions. The touching story of the idyllic loves

while "*La Verité*" is now running serially in the *Aurore*. All these books have been widely read and passionately discussed, but they were less popular than the famous series, in which "*Nana*" and "*L'Assommoir*" appeared. Besides these novels M. Zola wrote a number of minor pieces and several volumes of essays on literary criticisms and the canons of literary art.

In 1898 M. Zola created an immense sensation by taking up the case of Captain Dreyfus, a Jewish officer who had been wrongfully convicted of treason by a court-martial. He brought a series of terrible charges against the General Staff of the Army, for which he was prosecuted and forced to fly the country. Under the name of M. Richard he lived in obscure lodgings, first in the neighbourhood of Birmingham and afterwards at Upper Norwood. Meanwhile his friends in Paris were continuing their exertions on Dreyfus's behalf, and in the end it was shown conclusively that he had been a victim of one of the most astounding conspiracies recorded in the annals of crime. The sensational developments of M. Zola's agitation, which brought France to the verge of revolution, will long be remembered. Dreyfus was eventually pardoned, and M. Zola returned to Paris, but the French Army and the bulk of the French nation never forgave him the shame which the exposure of the Dreyfus conspiracy had brought on France. His self-sacrificing exertions were, however, generously appreciated in foreign countries, where from the first his campaign had evoked widespread sympathy. L. W.



BORN APRIL 2, 1840

THE LATE ÉMILE ZOLA

DIED SEPTEMBER 29, 1902

From a Photograph taken four weeks ago by Cautin Berger

of Silvere and Miette, for example, shows that the master is not the slave of his material, but that had he chosen another aspect of life for his studies, his success would have been none the less decisive. After all, the great problems of the times are bound up with the very social conditions he describes, and although we are not all Rougons or Macquarts, no good is done by shutting our eyes to the fact that such beings exist.

Later in life M. Zola partly abandoned the Naturalistic school and wrote a number of remarkable romances which, although as minutely observant as the Rougon-Macquart series, were conspicuously free from the blemishes which disfigured his earlier books. On this account, perhaps, they were less popular. Among them were "*Le Débâcle*," a wonderfully vivid study of the Franco-German War, and two series of sociological romances, entitled "*Les Trois Villes*" and "*Les Quatres Evangiles*." The first series dealt with the religious problem. The scenes were laid respectively in Lourdes, Rome and Paris, and the story traced the progress of an honest priest, the Abbé Pierre Froment, from unquestioning faith through doubt and disillusion to free thought. Of the "*Quatres Evangiles*" only three instalments were published. Of these, "*Fécondité*," which dealt with the French population question, appeared in 1899, "*Travail*" in 1900,

while "*La Verité*" is now running serially in the *Aurore*. All these books have been widely read and passionately discussed, but they were less popular than the famous series, in which "*Nana*" and "*L'Assommoir*" appeared. Besides these novels M. Zola wrote a number of minor pieces and several volumes of essays on literary criticisms and the canons of literary art.

I sincerely trust the recent railway disaster at Arleux, on the Northern line, will not cause that Company to take fright and reduce the speed of its trains. The Chemin de Fer du Nord had just reached the proud position of running the fastest trains in the world, and it would be a pity if this accident should, as certain nervous people have demanded, cause them to fall from their high estate. As the Arleux accident was due to the neglect to close a point, so that it would have taken place if the train had been going at ten miles an hour.

Paris Gossip

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

I NEED not say that Paris has had only one topic of conversation—the tragic death of M. Émile Zola. It is difficult to describe the sensation which the news produced in Paris; it spread like wildfire through the city, and was known everywhere long before the special editions of the evening papers reached the boulevards. People seemed consternated and at first had difficulty in believing the news. M. Zola lived a very secluded life, only leaving the Rue de Bruxelles for his country house at Medan. He received very few people at his Paris residence outside a small circle of intimate friends—M. Charpenier, his publisher, M. Alfred Bruneau, the well-known composer, M. Demoulin, the engraver, and a few others. M. Bruneau was his collaborator, as M. Zola provided him with the libretto for his two operas—"*L'Attaque du Moulin*" and "*Messidor*." It is only a few days since the late novelist handed M. Bruneau the scenario of a new opéra comique, "*L'Enfant Roi*."

Captain Giffard, the chief of the famous cycling company of the 144th regiment and the inventor of the folding military cycle, has just performed a military feat of no mean order. He desired to prove that the military cyclist could go anywhere and do anything, and that it is not at all a necessity that they should stick to the roads and highways. He took the map of the Nancy district, where his regiment is in garrison, and drew a straight line on it from the town, twenty kilometres due north. He then drew a second line so that the space enclosed between the two represented a distance of 700 yards. He then started with his 200 men from Nancy, and undertook to reach the other end of the line without going out of the 700 yards, either to right or left. In the course of the twenty kilometres he had to cross three valleys, climb hills, cross ploughed land, etc. Captain Giffard and his men covered the distance in less than three hours, and returned to Nancy by road in a trifle over an hour. No regiment could have marched the distance in double the time, an excellent proof of the mobility of well-trained military cyclists.

Everybody is looking forward with interest to the speech of M. Rostand, on his admission to the French Academy, but I am afraid they will have some time to wait yet. The author of "*Cyrano de Bergerac*" was originally credited with the intention of putting it in verse, but I fear that this would have been too revolutionary an innovation for such a conservative body as the "Forty Immortals." I understand he has abandoned the idea, though he may conclude with an ode to Henri de Bornier, his predecessor in the *fauteuil*. M. Rostand has taken the trouble to read through the entire works of Henri de Bornier, and has visited many of the late poet's intimate friends to get their personal impressions of him. As he will have worked on the speech for over a year, when it is delivered next spring it ought to be a *chef-d'œuvre* of academic eloquence.



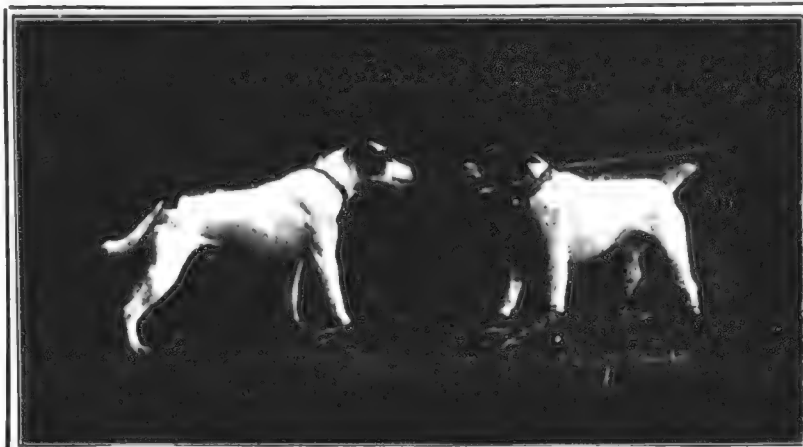
"IDLE TIMES"



"THE MINIMUM AND THE MAXIMUM"



"SUMMER QUARTERS"



"THEY HAD WORDS"



"THE FIRST RIDE"



"JOHN BULL'S PETS"

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE

Photographed by Charles Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

Animal Photography

It is pretty generally conceded that the difficulties that beset those who enter the path of the animal photographer are greater than in almost any branch of the art. If an exception is sought for, it might be found in the case of those whose business it is to photograph the heavenly bodies. Sir Robert Ball assures us that for the very best astronomical observations only, one hundred hours are suitable during a whole year in this country, on account of the variable weather. The animal photographer, certainly, is not handicapped to that extent, but for certain subjects his time is limited enough. For example, when he has been fortunate in finding a well-filled nest of young birds, particularly one of a rare sort, he watches the progress of the nestlings from day to day, waiting for the time when they feel disposed to desert the nursery and go abroad to see the world. The period of time available for securing a group of the family in juvenile attire is strictly limited, owing to the rapid development of the wings. On the supposition that the natural wild instinct can be so far overcome that the tiny nurselings can be persuaded to stay and perch on the nest or on the adjoining branches for a time, should the weather happen to be wet, windy or dull, the chances of obtaining a picture are gone, never, in the lives of these birds, to return.

Doubtless the manifest dislike of the mere portrait photographer to tackle the members of the animal creation is chiefly owing to the uncertainty of obtaining satisfactory results—results that compare favourably with pictures taken indoors. He finds a vast difference between the pliant, accommodating, sympathetic studio sitter and the free, careless denizens of the fields and the woods, that profess no amenity to reason, and upon whom argument is thrown away. Instead of finding his light under control, his accessories made to order, and his sitters ready to move into any spot, or turn to any angle, he finds himself confronted with difficulties of lighting, with obtrusive surroundings, where no two situations are alike, and, it may be, with persistent wind or pitiless rain. Add to these drawbacks the perverse nature of the subjects to be dealt with at times, and the contrast is complete. After a trying experience among the beasts, the studio man longs to mingle among human society once more, while he has a dawning conviction that if this new walk of photography is to be pursued with pleasure and profit he will be under the necessity of serving his apprenticeship over again.

The troubles that beset the animal photographer are of a twofold character—those that are avoidable, and those that are not. Among the latter is the matter of the weather that in our variable climate is an unceasing cause of anxiety. It usually takes a good many bad days to bring forth a good one, but when the good day does dawn on us, it partakes of the ideal in its perfect calm, its play of light

and shade, and the possibilities it affords of obtaining that most desirable atmospheric effect that lends such a charm to the best productions of the camera. While such days are few and far between, the bad ones often come in series, and leave a lasting impression on the mind.

But the most aggravating of all the difficulties are the avoidable ones, and there are still many such, though one only need be alluded to here. The popular belief that the best photographs can only be obtained in the brightest sunshine is not confined to the man in the street, otherwise the animal photographer would not so often be obliged to idle away the cool, precious hours of the summer mornings and defer his duties till the sun is near the meridian, till the heat is intense and the flies are in such a mischievous mood that horses and cattle cannot possibly remain still, and dogs cannot refrain from panting.

Happily knowledge in this as in other matters is extending, and, taking into account the enormous number of cameras at present in action, will undoubtedly spread with great rapidity. When people come to be better informed as to the possibilities, and particularly the limits, of photography, the avoidable difficulties are bound to disappear. Then the animal photographer will be enabled to perform his duties with an ease and a certainty hitherto unknown, and in a manner that will afford greater pleasure to himself and more satisfaction to all.

C. R.



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

In Japan a custom prevails universally among the lower classes of strapping the babies on to the backs of young boys and girls, and this custom produces some very extraordinary scenes. Children can be noticed going to school encumbered in this way, and afterwards are to be seen playing at their games with the babies still in the same position, either awake and taking a lively interest in the proceedings or else fast asleep, a fact denoted by their little

heads bobbing about from side to side with the movements of their bearers. To the growing boys and girls, who seem never free from these encumbrances, their baby brothers or sisters may be a great nuisance when on the sea, but the strangest part of the matter is that it apparently becomes a custom and they appear to suffer no inconvenience whatever, neither do they relinquish any of their pursuits. Our illustration shows some boys

standing knee-deep in a river intent on fishing with bamboo rods. They are as engrossed in their pursuit as any Thames angler making a day of it and hoping for the luck which so rarely comes. Each one of these small sportsmen had a baby on his back, on the back was an interested group of girls sitting down watching the proceedings, and each one was also furnished with a baby.

FROM A SKETCH BY HENRY J. FOREST, NEW YORK

YOUNG JAPANESE ANGLERS AND THEIR ENCUMBRANCES

Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

"UNIFORM REFORM" is the latest subject which is interesting the discontented. They contend that all uniforms were originally designed to impress the ignorant in less enlightened times. Thus the soldier wore a helmet or huge busby to make him look terrible, and the judge robes and a wig to make him look dignified. In these days such theatrical accompaniments are both inconvenient and unnecessary, and a determined effort is to be made to abolish them. It is obvious that the wigs worn by our judges no longer cast terror into the average mind, whilst it is generally known that most of the judges themselves greatly object to their use. In the hot weather the judicial wig induces sleep and affects the brain, to say nothing of the torture which it inflicts on the unfortunate wearer. Seeing that the judges in the United States administer the law successfully without the assistance of wigs, it is suggested that the experiment should be tried in this country. Several Members of Parliament have associated themselves with the movement, and the subject is to be brought before the House at an early date.

Were the Speaker of the House of Commons asked his opinion on the matter, it is almost certain that he would favour the scheme for the abolition of the wig. A past Speaker has frequently expressed himself strongly on the subject in conversation, and has described the torture he endured in hot weather, when having to sit for hours, listening attentively to dreary debates, it was with the greatest effort he avoided falling asleep. The wearing of busbies is altogether indefensible. That hideous headgear no longer inspires dread, it cannot be worn in warfare, and it inflicts torments at times on the unfortunate soldier. There is little to be said in favour of the heavy helmet. "The Uniform Reform" movement is likely to find many supporters even amongst the most conservative.

The autumn season of 1902 should be one of the most successful there has been in London for many years. It is certain that the King will do his utmost to make it so, if only to enable the London tradesman to recoup himself for the losses he incurred by the collapse of the Coronation festivities. The two processions in October will attract thousands to London, and His Majesty will probably entertain in a small way at Buckingham Palace, which will require a portion of the Court to be in town. The autumn Session will, of course, bring most of the members to London, and many of them will be accompanied by their families. There is also the visit of the German Emperor to the King to be taken into account, for it is probable that his Imperial Majesty will spend a day or two in London. Until fifteen years ago the autumn and winter seasons in town were far pleasanter than, if not so brilliant as, the regulation season. But the depreciation of land, the loss of money in financial speculations, and the growing fashion of wintering abroad have almost killed the autumn and winter seasons in London.

The War Office, "England's Home of Mystery," is again attracting unenviable attention. The promised reform of that Office is being delayed with the utmost ingenuity; indeed, there is reason to believe that all the intelligence and activity required to

administer the Army, is being utilised in delaying the reconstruction of the Office. It is some time before the worst failings of a department become known to the public, but they comparatively soon become the subject of private conversation at the West End clubs and in the West End drawing-rooms. At the moment the delinquencies of the War Office are being discussed generally by those who have the best opportunities of obtaining information concerning the working of the department, and it is predicted that, when the public becomes acquainted with the facts, the demand for "War Office Reform" will be renewed with increased violence.

The Return of the "Fram"

CAPTAIN OTTO SVERDRUP, who has recently arrived from the Arctic regions at Stavanger, in the *Fram*, after an absence of over four years, started from Christiania in June, 1898, on his expedition to explore Greenland, and, if circumstances were favourable, to

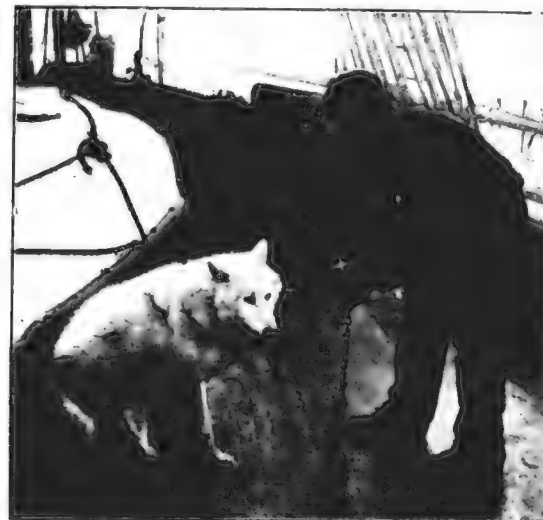
attempt to reach the North. The expedition consisted of sixteen men, the principal members, besides Captain Sverdrup, being Lieutenant Isaachsen, Mr. Bay, zoologist; Mr. Simmons, botanist; Mr. Schei, geologist; and Mr. Svendsen, surgeon. Mr. Svendsen was to have been responsible for meteorology, but he, unfortunately, died early in the course of the expedition. Greenland was reached in July, and on their pushing northwards through Robesa Channel the *Fram* was caught in the ice at Cape Sabine, and the explorers were obliged to winter at Rice Straits. During the spring several sledge journeys were made, and Hayes Sound was successfully mapped out. The succeeding summer was unfavourable, and the *Fram* got stuck in the ice at Kane Basin. It was, therefore, decided to make for Jones Sound, and take up winter quarters on the south side of Ellesmere Land. Several expeditions were made from here, the party splitting up on occasions into small groups and each going in a different direction. Captain Sverdrup was away with his party on one occasion for seventy-six days. On his return from this expedition Captain Sverdrup learned that the *Fram* had been in terrible danger of being destroyed by fire. However, as the accident occurred in the day-time, the fire was soon extinguished. In the summer of 1900 the *Fram* steamed out of its winter quarters, but soon became fast in the ice to the north of Grinnell Island, and had to stay there until September, when the ice was dispersed by southerly winds. The explorers then proceeded down Cardigan Strait and took up winter quarters there. During the winter the ship was constantly visited by wolves, and the men beguiled some of

Carl Olsen P. Stolz Isaachsen Nødtveit Henriksen Mr. Schei



A. Lindström Bauman Captain Sverdrup Mr. Simmons Mr. Bay

CAPTAIN SVERDRUP AND SOME OF HIS COMPANIONS ON THE "FRAM"



ONE OF THE CAPTURED WOLVES

the tedious time in wolf hunts. A few of the animals were caught alive and brought home. As the spring advanced exploring parties again set out in various directions. The summer of 1901 was unfavourable for getting out of the ice, and the *Fram*, with great difficulty, travelled only nine miles southwards. The winter was spent in preparing for the coming spring, and after sundry small expeditions the party left Godhavn, Greenland, on August 22 last. Our photographs are by Jacobsen, and Henriksen and Co., Stavanger.



THE LATE MR. JOSEPH RICHARDSON
Mayor of Stockton-on-Tees



SIR J. W. PEASE, M.P.
Who is resigning the Chairmanship of the
N.E. Railway Company



MADAME ZOLA
Widow of the eminent French Novelist



MR. ALBERT J. HOBSON
Master Cutler of Sheffield



THE LATE MR. JOHN LASH
Editor of Sketch

The Theatres

BY W. MOV THOMAS

"A SAILOR'S SWEETHEART"

MESSRS. STANLEY and Henderson's new nautical drama, brought out on Monday night at the GRAND Theatre, Fulham, is built on the old familiar model of the dashing young naval officer and his devoted *fiancée*, persecuted throughout the best part of four long acts by the evil machinations of the villain of the story. There is also a missing will, or rather a will in a mysterious sealed packet, which is not to be opened till twelve months after the testator's death—a decidedly inconvenient arrangement, since the wealthy will-maker's family are meanwhile without evidence even of the existence of the document, and are consequently unable to deal with their deceased relative's estate. But it is necessary to the playwright's scheme that the will should become the object of a half-round-the-world game of hunt the slipper, which comes to a climax—with what consequences it would weaken the spectators' interest to tell—when the scoundrel Philip Pemberton finds his antagonist, Lieutenant Charles Clive, R.N., in a bamboo swamp in West Africa, separated from his comrades of the Naval Brigade and dying of thirst, but with the precious paper, which the disinherited Pemberton has powerful motives for destroying, still closely guarded between vest and skin. All this, and a vast deal more, clearly belongs not to the world outside the walls of the theatre, but to that undefined territory which Mr. Jerome has aptly named "Stage-land." This suggests the question, why it is that the nautical drama is, above all, hopelessly wedded to stage tradition. We are, or were, a nautical people, and during the last fifty years and more no changes have been more marvellous than those which have come over the details and conditions of naval warfare. If some bold playwright would even give us an indication of this fact, it would be a hopeful sign. The winner of the first "T. P. Cooke Prize" for a nautical play took us back to the days of Elizabeth and presented us with English sailors in the petticoats of the period; but that was a historical and spectacular piece. Coming to more modern themes, our dramatists show, indeed, that they have heard of steam power in the navy; but they hardly go beyond that. As to Messrs. Stanley and Henderson's play, it must be confessed that

if its plot and treatment are old-fashioned, *A Sailor's Sweetheart* is a workmanlike production of its kind, in which the sentiment of the hero and heroine is skilfully relieved by the homely humours of the less romantic personages, and picturesque and stirring situations are plentifully supplied. The authors are fortunate in having found for Grace Mayland, the Nursing Sister, so tender and pleasing a representative as Miss Housley; nor less judicious is the choice of Mr. Charles Glenney for the part of Clive. It is a fine thing to see that robust and high-spirited young officer taking the hand of the villain and magnanimously promising to let bygones be bygones. The scoundrel has only crept behind the lieutenant as he was looking over the bulwarks of the *Kinfaun's Castle* and pitched him into the sea, from which he is with difficulty rescued by his comrades. These things are done in Stage-land, though it should be noted that Miss Mayland, unlike her lover, draws the line at stealthy assassination, and declines the proffered hand. For the rest it would be hard to say whether the roars of laughter that greeted the low comedy scenes were mostly to be credited to Miss Kate Phillips as the sprightly Phoebe, Mr. E. C. Matthews as her Irish military lover, Mr. Charles Kenney as John James, or Mrs. Henry Leigh (that old favourite of Gaiety and Adelphi audiences) in the part of Mrs. Pemberton, hostess of the "Tun Inn."

Our Portraits

SIR JOSEPH WHITWELL PEASE, who has represented in Parliament the Barnard Castle Division since 1885, has decided to resign the chairmanship of the North Eastern Railway, in favour of Lord Ridley, who has had a seat at the board for the last twenty-one years. Sir Joseph Pease is seventy-four years of age. He is chairman of Pease and Partners. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Mr. Joseph Richardson, Mayor of Stockton-on-Tees, who died last week, after a long illness, at the age of seventy-two, was five times Mayor of the borough, and four times contested South-East Durham in the Liberal interest, being returned twice, and sitting in the House from 1892 to 1895 and from 1898 to 1900. He was, however, defeated at the last general election by Mr. Frederick Lambton. Mr. Joseph Richardson was head of the firm of Messrs. Richardson, Duck, and Company, one of the chief shipbuilding firms on the Tees. He was also largely interested in Durham collieries and ironworks. Our portrait is by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street.

Mr. John Lash, the editor of the *Sketch*, who died last week, was born in October, 1842, and was son of the late John Lash Lash, who for many years edited the *Illustrated London News*. Mr. Lash became editor of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* when it was started in 1861. He took over the editorship of the *Sketch* as well in 1899, and conducted it with much success until overtaken with a serious illness in the autumn of 1901. He was at one time assistant editor of the *Illustrated London News*, and years ago was associated with the late Captain Mayne Reid in the conduct of a boys' paper. Our portrait is by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street.

The Cutlers' Feast at Sheffield was a more than usually brilliant affair this year, owing to the presence of Lord Kitchener, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Lord Strathcona, Mr. Choate, and other distinguished guests. The Master Cutler for the year is Mr. Albert J. Hobson, the senior partner of the firms of Thomas Turner and Co. and Wingfield, Rowbotham, and Co., Sheffield. By a curious coincidence, the firm of Thomas Turner and Co. celebrates its centenary this year. A beautifully printed souvenir of the event has been issued by the firm, entitled "Handicrafts that Survive." The book is copiously illustrated, the pictures showing the various stages in the manufacture of cutlery of all kinds. Our portrait is by Barclay Brothers, Old Broad Street.

The tragic death of M. Zola, and her narrow escape from death, have awakened the keenest sympathy for Madame Zola, who was a most devoted wife. Madame Zola was at first too ill herself to be told the shocking news, but when at length the truth was broken to her, the bereaved woman fell into a deep stupor, being overwhelmed with grief. Madame Zola, when the famous letter "J'accuse" of her husband's led to his being threatened by the mob, prosecuted and fined, and his home desecrated by bailiffs, showed herself a truly brave woman. It was she who helped M. Zola to escape to England, and it was she who encouraged him and sustained him in bearing this persecution in the cause of justice. Madame Zola was removed after the catastrophe to a private hospital. She is slowly recovering, and has been able to give an account of what took place. She stated that early in the morning, hearing M. Zola sigh as if in pain, she proposed to ring for the servants, but he replied that this was needless, as there was nothing seriously the matter with him. Shortly afterwards she saw him get out of bed, and not seeing him return she endeavoured to call him, but she was unable to articulate a word and fainted from suffocation caused by the fumes from the defective stove.



Balloons of the sausage-shaped variety have been for some time used in the Swiss Army. During the recent manoeuvres a balloon was made a great feature in the operations. Our photograph is by Krenn, Zurich.

THE WAR BALLOON IN THE SWISS ARMY



In the terrific gale that raged in Algoa Bay, at the end of last month, almost all the ships in the path of the storm were wrecked. The shipping in Port Elizabeth suffered most. Eighteen sailing ships, four tugs and a dozen lighters were lost. On the day after the storm the shore was strewn with wrecks and wreckage. Our photograph is by C. B. Thorp.

THE GREAT GALE AT ALGOA BAY: THE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION AT PORT ELIZABETH

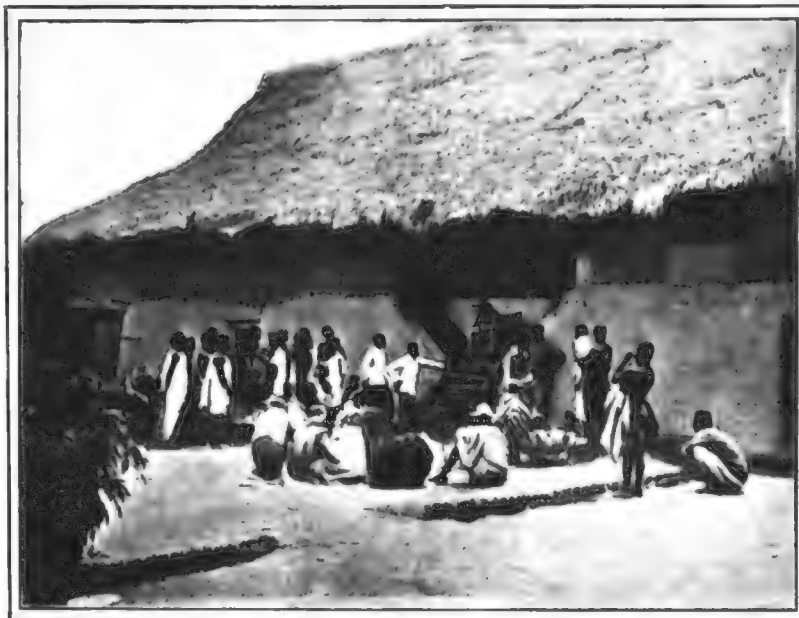


"TWO BOYS"

FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. M. KNOEDLER AND CO.



THE INTERIOR OF THE COURTYARD OF THE HIGH PRIEST OF BONDUKU



PALAUER WITH THE NATIVES AT BONDUKU

France and Great Britain in West Africa

THE Ivory Coast is a French Colony lying on the west of the Gold Coast. The boundaries between the two Colonies were defined in 1868, as the result of a Convention which was drawn by an Anglo-French Commission. Since then both Colonies have shown the usual tendency to push into the hinterland, with the inevitable result that more delimitation has had to be done. An Anglo-French Commission accordingly landed at Axim, in the Gold Coast Colony, last autumn, and is proceeding inland as far as the 9th parallel—that is to say, about 300 miles inland. The Ivory Coast became a separate French Colony in 1893, it having previously been under the jurisdiction of the Governor of Senegal. Towards the interior it included, as a Protectorate, the Kong territory, and thus, like all other French Colonies in this region, joins with the French Soudan, and now includes the districts of Odjenneh, Kong and Bonna, which formed part of that territory. The two principal French towns are Assinie and Grand Bassam. The latter town is on the coast, and was, until lately, the seat of Government.

Owing to the unhealthiness of Grand Bassam, the Governor now resides at Bingerville, in the Bay of Abidjeau, an inlet on a lagoon communicating with the Comoe River. As there is no direct communication with the sea from here except through the lagoon to Grand Bassam, a short canal is to be cut through the strip of land immediately opposite which shuts out the waters of the lagoon from the ocean—that is to say, at Little Bassam. This will enable sea-going steamers to come straight into the lagoon from Bingerville. There is also a scheme afoot to run a light railway from Bingerville northward into the Kong District. Roads are being rapidly constructed in the Colony. The one leading to Bonduku, it is said, taps the Gold Coast Hinterland, and there is the beginning of the matter to be settled. Bonduku is fast becoming the centre of trade between the French Soudan and the coast. It is from this place that our illustrations have come. The last British Consular Report draws attention to the trade of Bonduku, and goes on to say that French firms appear to be taking the place of those of other nationalities on the Ivory Coast. Recent visitors to the Ivory Coast describe the Colony as one huge gold mine. The Ivory Coast Colony possesses the peculiarity of being one of the few French Colonies which

receive no assistance from the Home Government, but, on the other hand, pays a small contribution to the Mother Country. Our photographs are by Dr. J. G. Forbes, Medical Officer of the English part of the Commission.

ONE of the Paris journals has opened a novel competition among its readers to find out the date M. Combes' Cabinet will fall. Fifteen thousand francs are offered in prizes to those lucky enough to find the correct date. There should not be much difficulty in calculating this by the law of probabilities, for there are lots of data on which to base the calculation. The Third Republic has in the thirty-two years of its existence had thirty-four Ministries, so that the average life of a French Cabinet is a trifle under twelve months. These thirty-four changes of Ministry caused 362 changes of portfolio. M. de Freycinet has been Minister oftener than any man in France, having been twelve times in office. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Cabinet holds the record for duration, having maintained itself in power for two years and five months. The shortest was that presided over by General Rochebouet. Called to power by Marshal MacMahon on November 23, 1877, he resigned on December 14, having thus been in power twenty-one days.



THE CHIEF OF BONDUKU ON HIS WAY TO VISIT THE FRENCH COMMANDANT
WITH THE ANGLO-FRENCH BOUNDARY COMMISSION ON THE IVORY AND GOLD COASTS



PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING: A GOOD DAY OVER

DRAWN BY LANCE CALKIN



PARTRIDGE-SHOOTING: A GOOD DAY OVER THE TURNIPS

DRAWN BY LANCE CALKIN

Allers, the Artist-Traveler, and His Work

It is strange that a travelling artist, so admirable and so well known in his own country as Christian Wilhelm Allers, should be practically unheard of in Great Britain. Yet few draughtsmen of modern times could surpass him in his own way with the pencil, and fewer still could match him in observation and humour. Nevertheless, not one in a thousand, even among the art-lovers themselves, have heard his name in England. This may be, in part, because despite his popularity in Germany, he did not appear to champion his country in the Paris Exhibition of 1900. But at that very time he was making beautiful character-drawings in the Isle of Samoa.

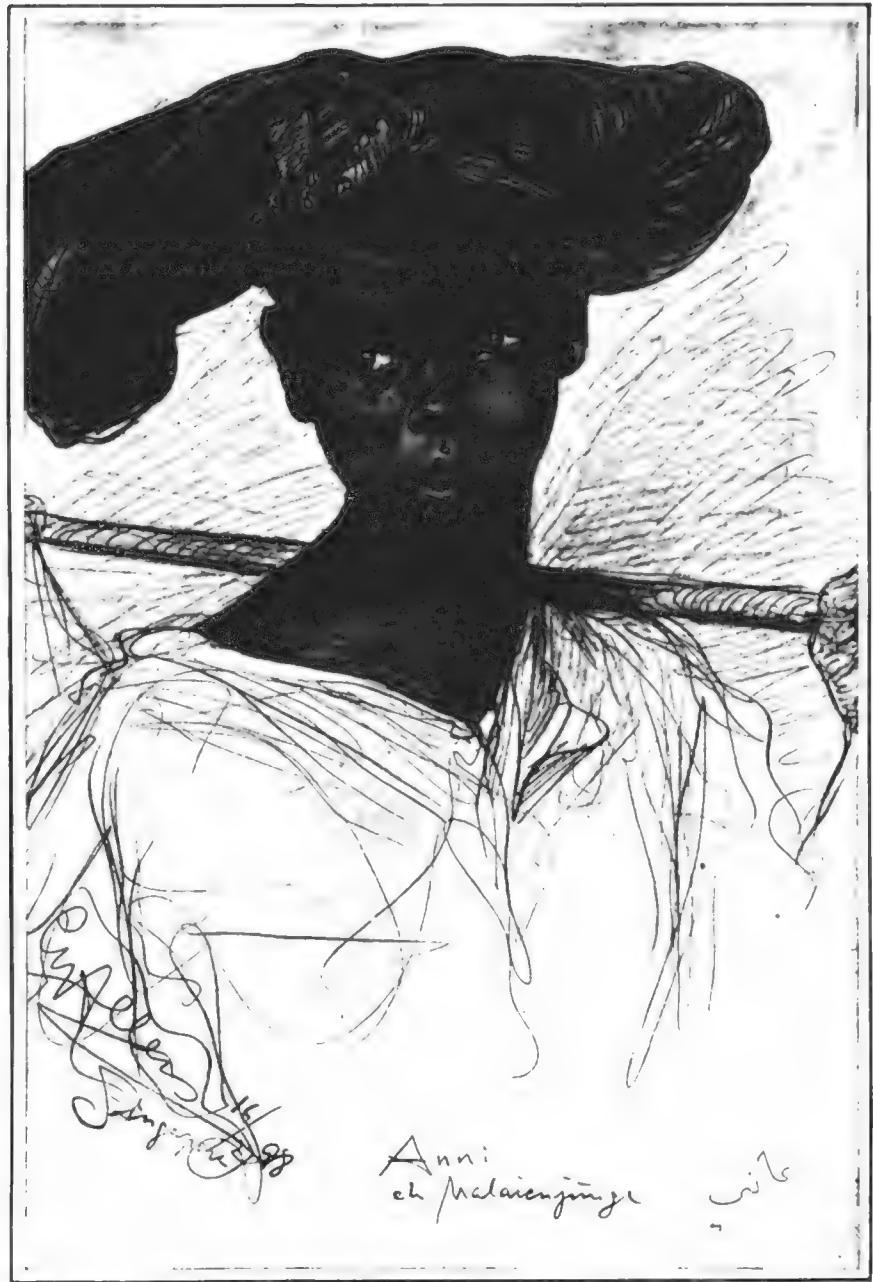
The drawings here shown display the remarkable advance of the artist from the "tight," highly worked-up, but comparatively ineffective, portrait of "Mine Host at Hundelang," made in 1897, to the admirable study, so loose and easy in its handling, of an "Opium Smoker," drawn in the following year.

The art of drawing with the lead pencil and with the chalk-point, long fallen into comparative desuetude in this country, has always been practised in Germany. Here, in England, Professor von Herkomer and his pupils have especially delighted in the work, the highly finished head with plenty of finger-rubbing, and roughly indicated bodies, are much as we often see them in Herr Allers' work. But Allers is as various in the detail of his technique as his subjects themselves. But look at it closely and you will find echoes, as it were—proofs of sympathy with many a notable draughtsman. Readers of the GRAPHIC will sometimes see the influence of M. Renouard; still more often Von Menzel has been the master; now there is the handling and even the eye of Oberlander, or of Wilhelm Leibl, or again of Max Klinger, or of Segantini, the Italian. Englishmen used to draw something like this up to twenty-five years ago, but not quite so freely or so well, and rarely with such charm and force.

Who then is the celebrated yet mysterious artist? He is a man forty-five years old, a native of Hamburg, who began life as a lithographer (like Jules Chéret), and so gained his extraordinary facility of finger and wrist. After studying in the Art School of Karlsruhe, where he learned drawing from Poeckh and painting from Ferdinand Keller, he painted many portraits and life-size *genre* pictures (such as his "Life in Capri"), which are now all in private hands in Düsseldorf and Hamburg. But until he began to produce his



A BANGKOK GIRL IN HOLIDAY DRESS
DRAWN BY C. W. ALLERS

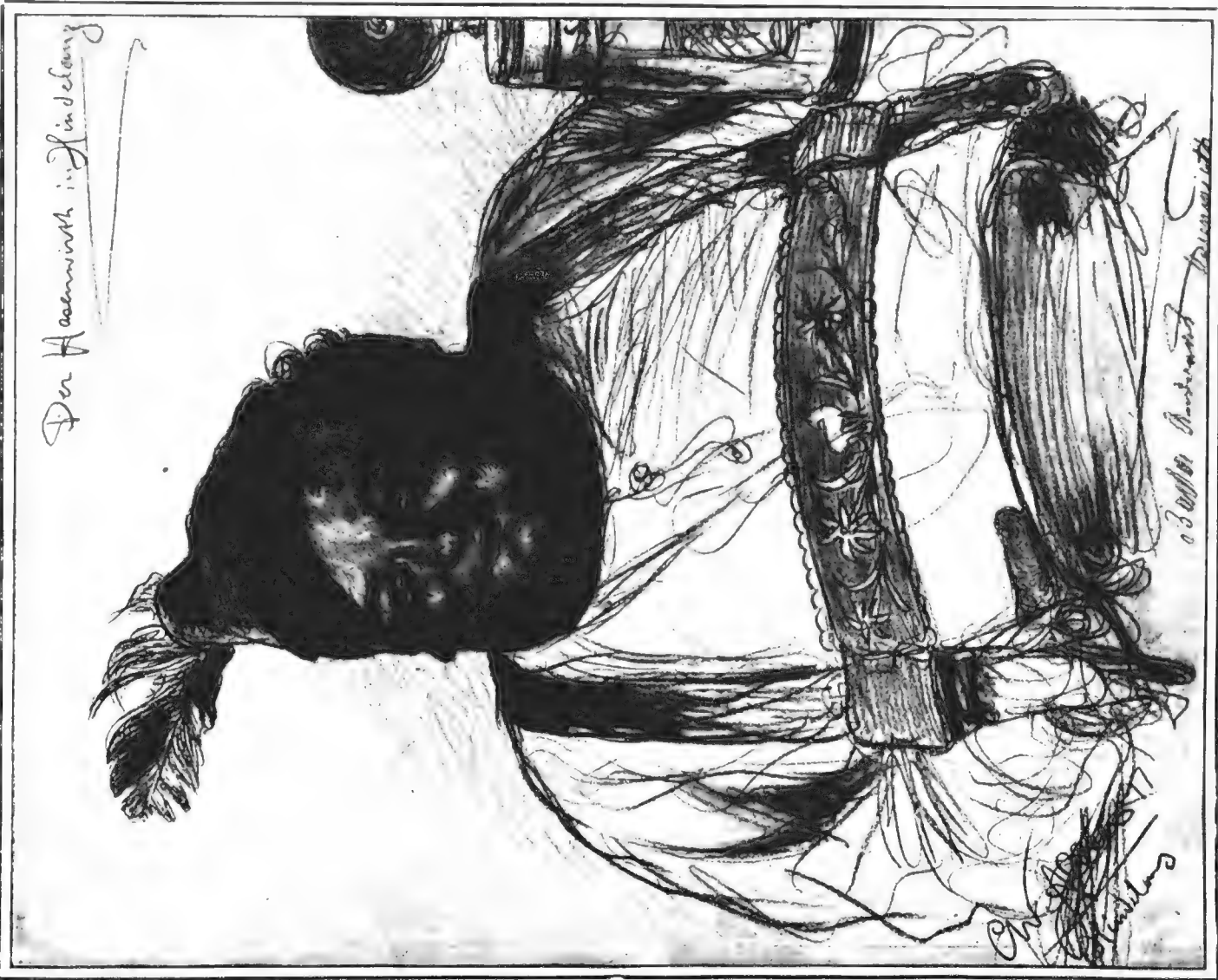


ANNI, A YOUNG MALAY
DRAWN BY C. W. ALLERS

humorous sketches, with their keen insight into life and character, he could not be said to have become famous. Now he is among the most popular of German graphic humorists, and widely accepted as an admirable artist. His clever works include studies of extraordinary excellence in their way—"Renz's Circus," "Behind the Scenes," "The Silver Wedding," "Our Navy," "The Germany Hunting Book," "The Club Entrance," "Things Unpoetical," and the like, give proof of a talent which belongs rather to a man of quick observation and humour than of imagination or creative power. But is not that what we must say of the older German School as a whole—even if it comes to it, of the hand which in the bright pages of *Jugend* struggle to be unconscious of their effort, and brush up old *motifs* till they think they are original? As if unconscious originality were a deliberate thing!

The great moment in Allers' career was when he determined to make a protracted tour round the world and draw the people of all countries. From Italy, where he was in 1896, he made other longer journeys—he was in Ceylon in February of 1897, and in Egypt later in the year; in Cairo, on the Nile, in Assuan, and then in Philæ. The year 1898 was a fruitful one; India, Java, Bangkok, China, Japan, Hong Kong, Tientsin; and in 1900 many beautiful drawings of Samoa bring us back once more to the gentle native and to Robert Louis Stevenson. It is a wonderful record, and delightfully set down, as may be seen in the few examples issued herewith.

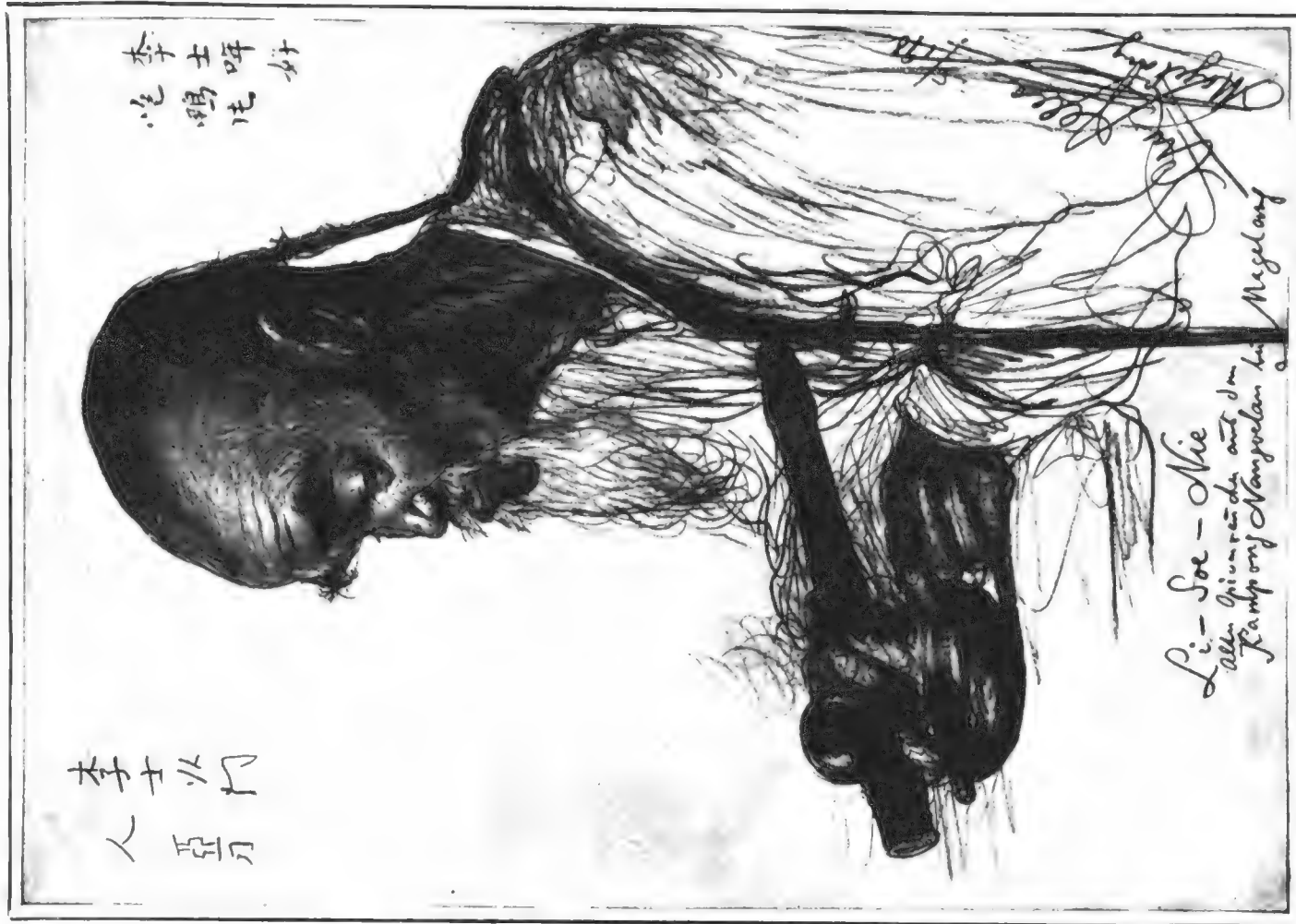
The artist has sought to give not only the types of the various nationalities among which he has passed but has recorded also characteristic occupations and customs. The Japanese mandarin girl, and Egyptian water carrier, the Tyrolean eagle slayer, the Assuan warrior, the Chinese missionary and public letter writer, and the lemonade seller of Cairo are recorded with a truth equally felicitous and keen. The views in Japan, landscape and street scene, are masterly in pictorial arrangement and vivacity of suggestion, and the technique is so good that there is little of the drawing-master element about them such as we used to see in the old days. These drawings, no doubt, recall a good deal of the work of our great lithographers, for this is the style which made the stone so popular in England in the middle half of the nineteenth century, but the freedom of pencil upon paper necessarily exceeds the greater deliberation of the "greasy chalk" upon stone. And modern process has come to assist the artist in a way which lithography could rarely do.



Der Haamwirth in Hinde Lang

MINE HOST AT HINDELANG

DRAWN BY C. W. ALLERS



李士火
人亞

李士火
吃鴉片
好

Li-Soe-Mie
allen Opiumröcken aus dem
Kampung Nampelan bei
Nagelang

THE OPIUM-SMOKER

DRAWN BY C. W. ALLERS

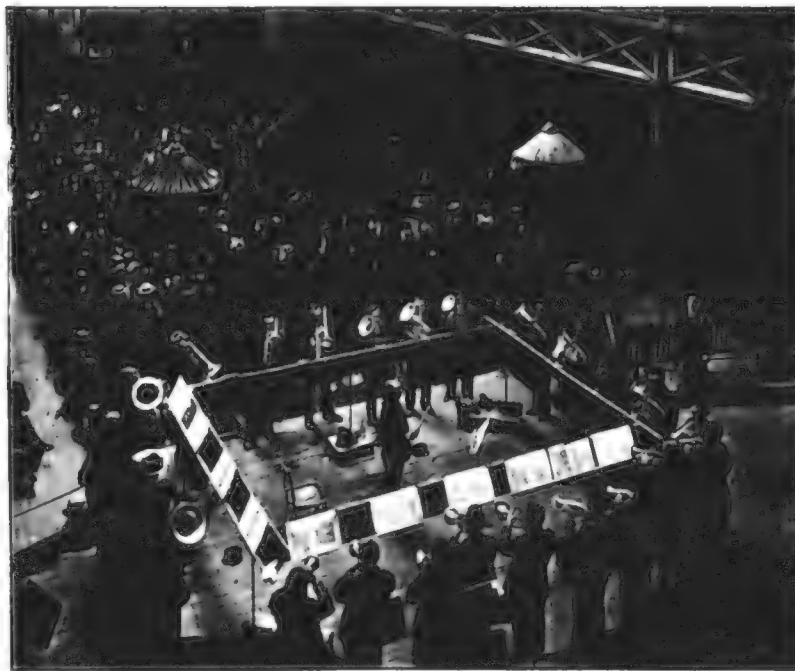


LIEUTENANT ADAMS
Officers' Heavy-weight Boxing Champion
Photo by Charles Knight, Aldershot

The Court

THE King will remain in the Highlands till the end of next week. His Majesty has entertained a large party of visitors at Balmoral—Lord Rosebery with his younger son, Mr. Winston Churchill, Lord Farquhar, the Marquis of Tullibardine, Lieut.-Gens. Sir T. Kelly-Kenny and Sir Archibald Hunter, Col. Mathias and the Bishop of Stepney among others—sport in the Royal forests being the chief amusement for the King's visitors. London hospitals have benefited in consequence, numerous gifts of venison being sent from Balmoral. A deer drive at Birk Hall, on Saturday, was one of the best enjoyed this year, as King Edward brought down two stags and two apiece also fell to Lord Farquhar and Captain Holford. In honour of the success, a deer dance was held in the evening in front of the Castle. It was a highly picturesque scene, for the stags shot during the day were laid out on the grass, and the keepers and gillies held torches, while dancing went on with great vigour. The King and his guests looked on, and in the middle of the dance His Majesty proposed a toast in honour of the Marquis of Tullibardine on his return from South Africa. Earlier in the day King Edward had decorated the Marquis with the Royal Victorian Order and presented the South African Medal to Second Lieutenant the Hon. R. Bruce, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. The King has paid several visits to his neighbours. One day he drove over to Mar Lodge to see the Duke and Duchess of Fife; another day was spent with Sir John Forbes Clark at Tillypronie House, Aberdeenshire. Sir John was the first person to recognise the advantages of Deeside as a Royal residence, suggesting it to his father, Sir James Clark, who in his turn brought the matter before Queen Victoria. His Majesty also went to Abergeldie to take leave of the Princess of Wales on her departure South. On Sunday the King, with his little grandson, Prince Edward of Wales, and his guests attended the morning Service at Crathie Church, when the Rev. A. Wallace Williamson, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, preached. Dr. Williamson and the minister of Crathie Church, the Rev. Ramsay Sibbald, afterwards dined with King Edward.

Preparations for the Royal visit to the City on the 25th instant go on busily, and the programme originally arranged for the Guildhall banquet will be carried out as planned for June. After the usual civic reception at Temple Bar the King and Queen, accompanied by members of the Royal Family, will drive down Fleet Street, Cheapside, and Gresham Street to the Guildhall, where they will be formally greeted in a handsome pavilion erected at the entrance. Headed by the City trumpeters, the Royal procession will pass to the Library to receive a congratulatory address, and thence to the Guildhall for the banquet. According to custom, the King and Queen and Royal Family will sit alone at a table at the north end of the hall, under a beautiful silk canopy, the table being decorated with choice orchids in gold stands and trails of foliage. Bouquets of the rarest orchids will also be presented to the Queen and Princess. Behind the Royal party will be a splendid collection of gold and silver plate, the finest ever seen at such an entertainment, for City Companies will contribute their plate to add to the Mansion House display. Luncheon over, Their Majesties will make their progress through South London, receiving addresses on the way.



THE BRASS BAND CONTEST AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE

From a Photograph by Russell and Sons, Crystal Palace

The Queen is thoroughly enjoying her stay in Denmark, where the family party has been reinforced by the arrival of several of her nephews and nieces. Prince Nicholas of Greece has brought his Russian bride, the Grand Duchess Helen, and the Tsarevitch Michael has rejoined his mother, the Dowager Empress of Russia, who is staying on a little longer. The Queen and Princess Victoria often take some of their relatives on board the *Victoria and Albert* for lunch or tea, and they slept on the yacht on Saturday night after going to the theatre. They have also lunched with the Dowager Empress of Russia on the Imperial yacht *Pole Star*. Queen Alexandra does a good deal of shopping in Copenhagen, and besides visiting the Horticultural Exhibition Her Majesty was present at the opening of the Exhibition of East Asiatic Arts and Industries. The Queen and Princess Victoria were at the English Church for Service on Sunday. Princess Victoria is as devoted to cycling as ever and takes long rides with her cousins.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been the earliest of the Royal party to leave the Highlands. The Prince went first, in order to stay with the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, at Gordon Castle, for some fishing, and the Princess left on the following day for town. The children stayed behind for a few days and then joined the Princess at York House, St. James's, where they remain a short time before going to Sandringham. Among his autumn visits the Prince will join a shooting party at Lord and Lady Amherst of Hackney's Norfolk Home, Didlington Hall.



LIEUTENANT HORNE
Officers' Light-weight Boxing Champion
Photo by Charles Knight, Aldershot

A Judicial Experiment in New York

THE children's court in New York is the outcome of the efforts of the "Gerry Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." For years the Society has laboured for the welfare of the children of New York. It has rescued hundreds from lives of misery and vice and placed thousands beyond the reach of the harmful influences which surrounded

them in their homes. The officers of the Society have long realised the evil results of having juvenile offenders herded in the police-courts together with men and women hardened in crime and vice. Many a child arrested for some slight offence against the law has breathed the spirit of viciousness from the old offenders with whom it came in contact. To do away as far as possible with this contamination the Society urged the creation of a special court where the youthful offenders of a great city would have their cases examined into without being impregnated with the vicious atmosphere of the ordinary police-court. Their efforts were successful, and on the second day of last month the first session of the children's court opened. Every effort was made to do away with the appearance of a court of justice, and to keep even the worst of the children from thinking they were regarded as criminals. The police matron, who had charge of the girls, provided them with toys and entertained them until it was time for them to appear in the court-room. Jumping jacks, slates and pencils, and tops were provided for the boys. It was the intention of the men who advised the creation of this branch of the special sessions that the children should get not only justice, but sympathy and encouragement, when the judge saw a chance of helping them. Judge Olmsted, who conducted the hearings, put this idea into practice and delivered homilies upon the evils of shooting "craps," street gambling, advised boys where they might play ball without infringement of the city ordinances, and provided homes for children who had been subjected to evil influences. He was counsellor and friend as well as judge.

Some rather curious cases were found among the sixty-five inquired into at the initial session, and there was not lacking an element of pathos. Annie Egan, who began life ten years ago, and who has been sorry for it ever since, pleaded hunger as her excuse for defying public order by robbing garbage barrels. Her father was out of work and her mother in a hospital. Sympathy and a home until her case could be inquired into more fully was the decision of the court. Three boys, the eldest ten years old, had been found gambling on the streets with dice. The evidence against them was clear. They were convicted, but sentences were suspended, while the judge pointed out the evils of gambling and sent them home to sin no more. Luke Colletti, aged ten, who had been away from home for two weeks, was found sleeping under Brooklyn Bridge, with 600 pennies in his pockets. He said newsboys had given them to him, but the police said he was an inveterate little gambler, and had won them shooting "craps." Luke's case, which indicated a rather hardened spirit, was postponed for further inquiry. Four children deserted by their father and found in the streets were sent to a home. So ran the cases in the children's court, and with sympathy, admonition and encouragement extended to them, the youthful offenders were not made to feel they were criminals.

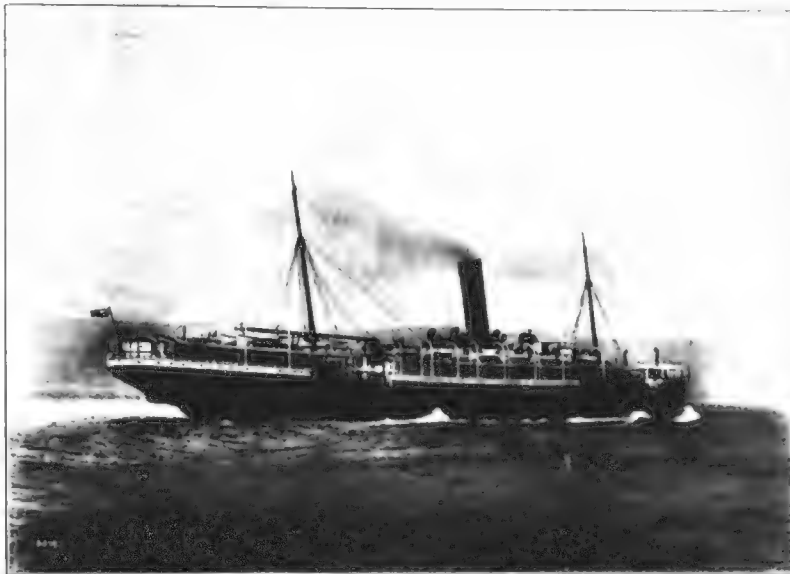


ARRAIGNING A BOY FOR STEALING BREAD

THE COURT FOR CHILDREN JUST ESTABLISHED IN NEW YORK



CRUEL SARCASM



THE NEW LINER "ORONTES"

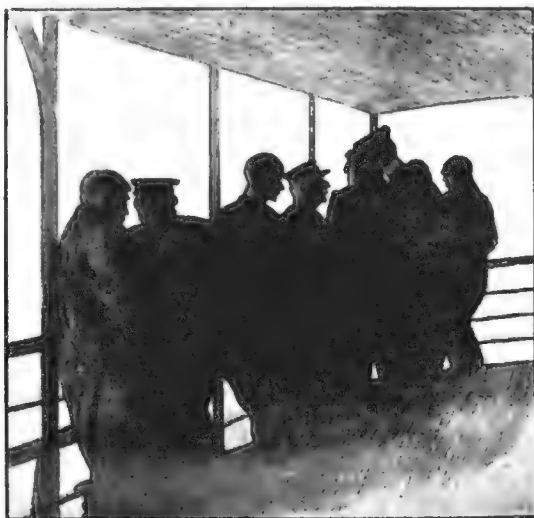


THE MAN WHO BLOTTED OUT THE BRITISH ISLES

OUR ARTIST writes:—"The managers of the Orient-Pacific Line converted, for the time being, their new 9,000-ton steamship *Orontes* into a pleasure yacht, and invited some 150 guests (of whom I was one) for a cruise from the Clyde to the Thames. Nine thousand tons conveys but a vague idea of size to the ordinary non-nautical mind, but when we are told that the celebrated *Ophir*, of the same line, is only 6,910 tons, and that the promenade deck of the *Orontes* is 272 feet long without a break, it argues that she is a "bigish boat for her size." I know nothing about engines, but I remarked that there was no vibration whatever, which will be good news to bad sailors. On my asking why, the reply was too technical for me,

deck quots. Of course I snapped him, but, unfortunately, somebody else had previously been taking a quiet constitutional on the same plate. Then there was an eminent Colonial who, the night before, had told us one might dump down France, Germany, etc., etc., in the middle of Australia and they would never be seen. That may be; I know he somehow got in front of my camera and

530ft.; breadth, 58-3ft.; and depth, moulded to upper deck 28-2ft. She has two independent sets of inverted direct-acting quadruple compound surface-condensing engines; cylinders, 27in., 39in., 56in., and 80in.; stroke, 60in. Her boilers are of steel cylindrical, six in number, working pressure 215lb. per square inch.



A FOGGED PLATE



TWO PORTRAITS ON ONE PLATE



THE CAPTAIN ON THE BRIDGE



THE PROMENADE DECK

but the fact remained. The average passenger will, I fancy, be more interested in the labour-saving and comfort-giving contrivances, with which the ship is crammed. Even the dishes are washed and dried by machinery at the rate of three or four dozen per minute, whilst the poorest passenger on board can have his plunge-bath every morning. It occurred to me that a nice easy mode of making sketches would be to take a snapshot camera, but I find even that requires practice, which I cannot say I have had, and I had also the misfortune to damage my instantaneous shutter at the start, thus necessitating a concentrated attention to prevent it going off at the wrong moment. For instance, a celebrated artist on board posed like an Apollo Belvedere in blue serge, when playing

blotted out the whole of the British Isles. There is a glorious uncertainty about snapshotting. As another friend (a Highlander this time) said of the Scotch weather, 'You never can tell, and not always even then.' Although the weather was, as a rule, fine, there is naturally always more or less of a sea on in the English Channel. With a ship this size of the *Orontes* one might have been sailing on a millpond. Most of the 'experimental passengers' would not have felt much upset if we had slid on to a nice sand-bank for a tide or two, but there was not the slightest chance of anything of the sort, for was not our commander Captain Ruthven, Commodore of the Fleet, and famous all the world over. So far from that, we were grieved to sight Tilbury ahead an hour or two sooner than we expected."

THE *Orontes* was built by the Fairfield Shipbuilding and Engineering Company, Govan. Her speed is about eighteen knots, and she is to be run on the Australian Line. The following are her particulars:—Class in Lloyd's Register, 100 At; gross register tonnage, 9,000; effective horse-power, 10,000; displacement, at load line, 15,450 tons; length, over all,



THE SMOKING-ROOM



THE DINING-SALOON

FROM THE CLYDE TO THE THAMES ON THE ORIENT-PACIFIC LINER "ORONTES"

From Photographs and Sketches by W. Ralston



DRAWN BY A. B. BOYD

FROM BRITAIN BY W. H. DEAKIN

A CURE FOR INSOMNIA: A PAGE FROM A SUBALTERN'S LIFE IN INDIA

[Reprinted from the Penny Illustrated Paper]

A HINT TO STOUT LADIES.

LADIES are constantly complaining that they cannot retain their youthfulness of figure without either taking vigorous exercise in the gymnasium, wearing strongly laced and tightly laced corsets, or going in for a course of semistarvation, to all of which they feel there are the strongest objections. And it is well that these objections are heeded, for such drastic and exhausting methods of overcoming obesity, or of checking its approach, are weak, and in a debilitated in the extreme, and, if persevered in, may leave lasting evil effects on the system. Very different, indeed, is the simple and healthful method of *permanently* reducing a too massive figure to beautiful proportions known as the "Russell" treatment. By means of this wonderful system the first day's reduction amounts to from 1 lb. to 2 lb., and this decrease continues daily in the same ratio until normal size and weight are attained. The fullest particulars of the system are set forth by the originator, Mr. F. Cecil Russell, in his admirable book entitled "Corpulency and the Cure," which he will be pleased to send to any applicant who sends him her address and five penny stamps. For the benefit of our stout friends we append Mr. Russell's address: Wolburn House Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C.

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Funds are greatly needed to meet the heavy expenses, as well as Visitors who may be able to go into the poorer districts.

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Chairman of Committee.

STATUARY.—Some choice Statuary by eminent Italian sculptors, including the Four Seasons, Bacchante, Shepherdess, and Flight from Pompeii, for sale at very moderate prices. Can be seen at JOHN UNDERWOOD AND SON'S Sculpture Gallery, 74, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.

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The most exciting serial that has ever appeared in the "Golden Penny" is continued this week—and the "Golden Penny" has always had a high reputation for its serials. Every reader knows the work of Florence Warden, whose long list of well-known novels includes "The House on the Marsh," "The Lovely Mrs. Pemberton," "A Fight to a Finish," "Joan the Curate," "A Sensational Case," "Those Western Girls," "Town Lady and Country Lass," and a whole host of other successes. In her new serial Florence Warden has excelled herself.

"The Heart of a Girl" is a marvellous story of a romantic love affair, full of dramatic incident, and intensely interesting from beginning to end. It has been beautifully illustrated by FRANCES EWAN.

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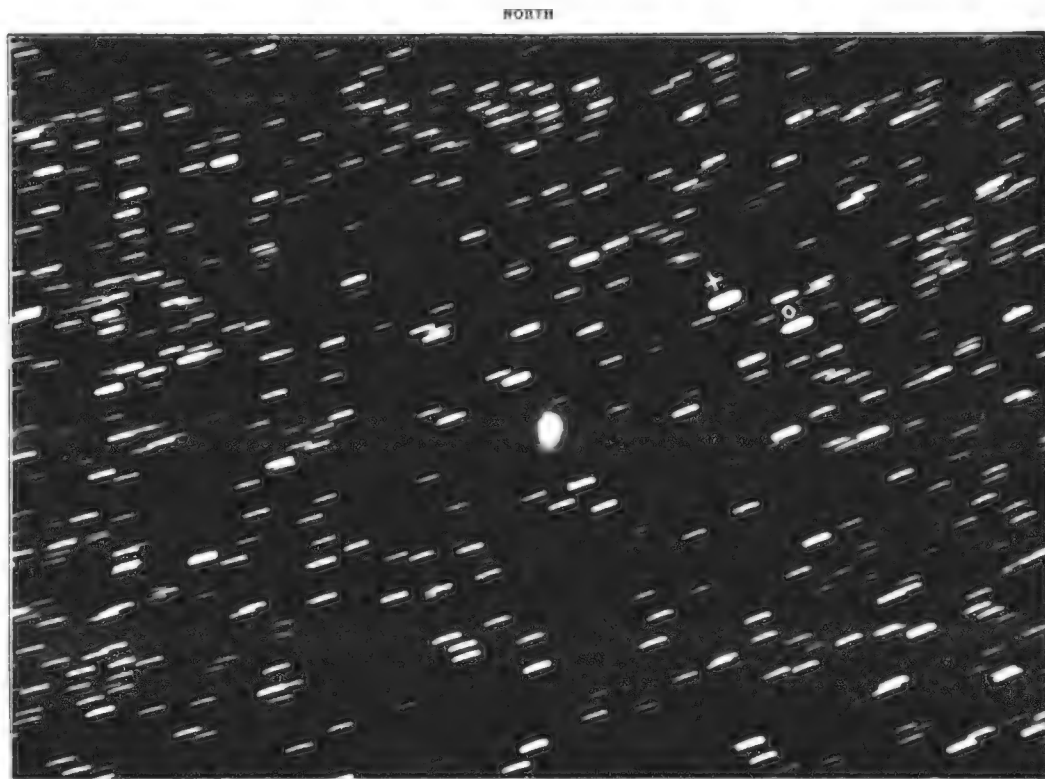
GOOD REASONS

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SHOULD BUY

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It offers Competition Prices every week.



Mr. Charles Waller, of Southend-on-Sea, writes:—"As the comet Perrine is now beginning to arouse public interest, I have taken the liberty in sending you a print of photo taken September 26 with 51-inch Grubb doublet photo lens. An exposure of ninety minutes was given, during which time the comet was kept stationary in centre of plate with a finding telescope attached to camera, and driven by clockwork in the usual way. By the comet's rapid flight across the heavens, the surrounding stars, instead of being round discs, have moved along as shown in photo during the exposure. This gives the exact path of the stranger, also the great speed it is travelling. The two wide streaks marked X and O, a little north-west of the comet, are Theta and Mu Cassiopeia respectively, no other stars being visible to the unaided eye."

THE NEW COMET

PHOTOGRAPHY IN COLOURS.—For many years photographers have endeavoured to find out some method by which an object can be photographed in its natural colour. Their researches have not been directly successful, but they have so far advanced that by the use of certain plates and coloured screens in association with the lens they can present colours in their true tone relations to one another. It was also discovered that by making three negatives of any particular subject, with the light carefully filtered in each case through a coloured glass screen, and by obtaining transparent positives from those negatives, and staining each positive with a dye of the complimentary colour to that of the screen

through which its negative was taken, those three positives, when superposed, would give a very fair representation of the original subject. That beautiful instrument called the kromskop was designed by Mr. Ives of Philadelphia on somewhat similar lines, only that instead of staining the positive images he associated them with coloured glasses and mingled them on the retina of the observer by means of cunningly devised screens. Mr. Ives also showed how lantern slides might be made by the dyed positives being superposed and bound together.

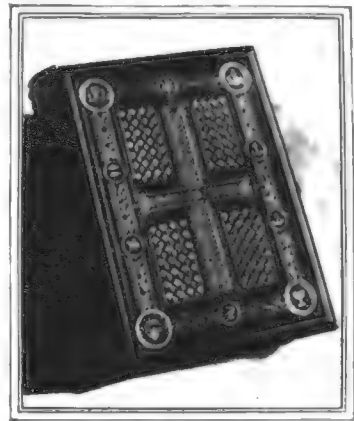
The Lumière North American Company have recently reduced this process to its simplest terms, and last week they gave a

demonstration of its capabilities to a number of gentlemen interested in photography. They rightly claim nothing new or secret about the process, simply putting it forward as a means by which the amateur photographer can with his ordinary camera and lens, and with the addition only of coloured screens and the dye solutions and plates supplied by the Company, produce photographs in colour instead of in monochrome.

A number of slides prepared in this manner were projected upon a screen with excellent effect. The process is within the capacity and will satisfy the aspirations of a large number of amateurs, and is sure to be taken up by those who are ever in search of novelties. The method is shortly known as the I. L. N. A. process of colour photography.

Our Supplement

OUR Supplement this week consists of "Autumn," the fourth of Mr. Hassall's illustrations of seasons, "Winter" having been published on February 1, "Spring" on May 3, and "Summer" on July 26, when we had a merry party of children frolicking on the sands. Now we see them revelling right mirthfully in the straw, burying each other with as much zest as they burrowed in the sand months ago. The truth is that, put English children where you will, and leave them to their own devices, they will never be at a loss for amusement, and carry on their games in spring, summer, autumn, and winter alike, whether on the sea-shore, the open fields, or a London park, as merrily and heartily as their elders play their cricket, football, tennis, and even ping-pong in whatever part of the globe they may be staying for the nonce.



The Coronation Bible to be offered by the British and Foreign Bible Society will be presented to the King, on his return to town, by a deputation of the society. Our photograph is by A. J. Campbell and E. Gray, Cheapside.

BIBLE TO BE PRESENTED TO THE KING

It was a monster tea-party, for the married men were invited to bring their wives, and the guests numbered altogether between 5,000 and 6,000.

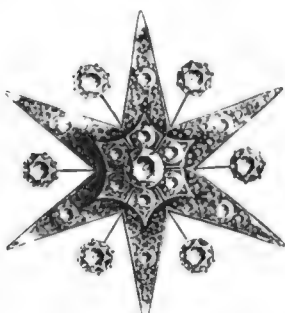
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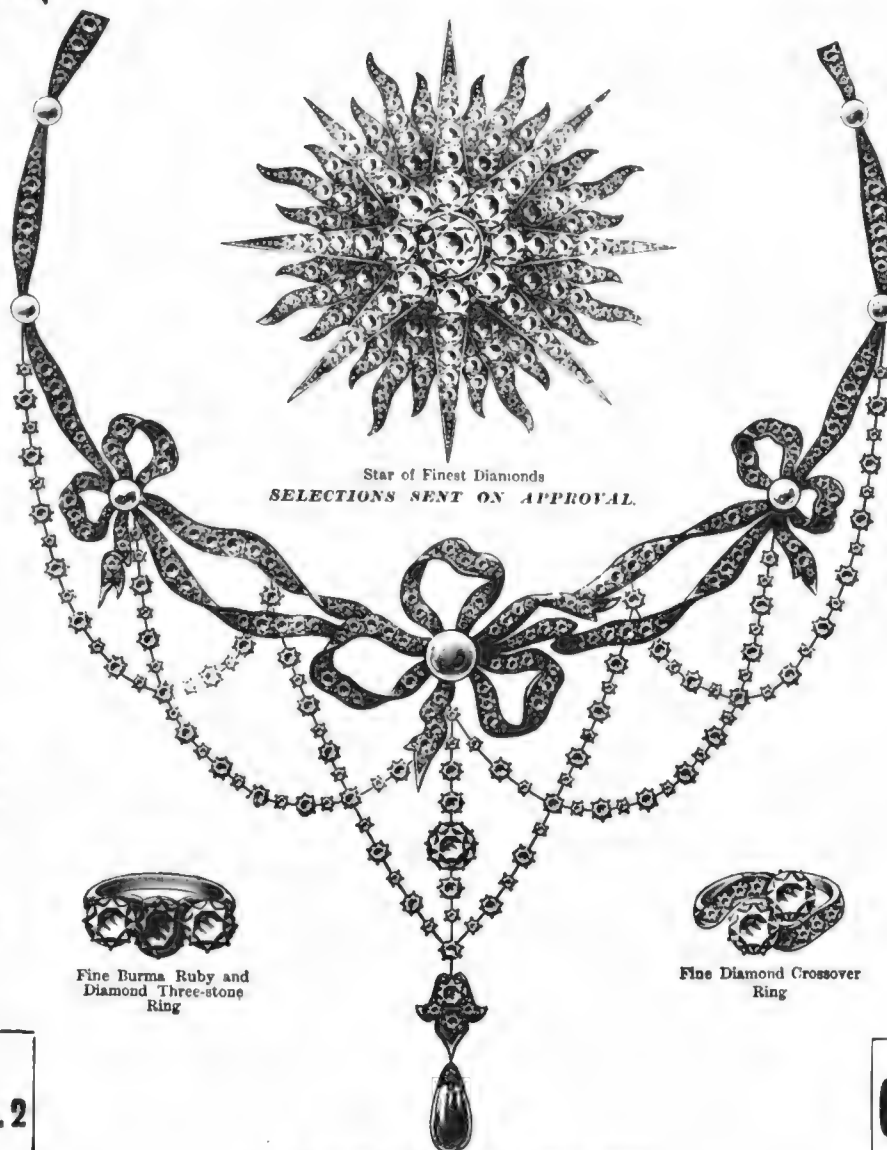
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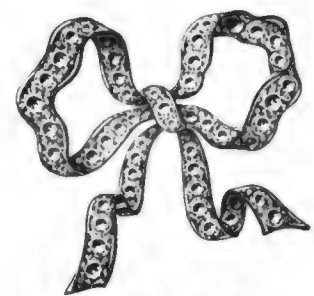
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DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL



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Fidelity at Rest

It may not be known to everybody that in London there exists an exceedingly pretty cemetery devoted principally to man's best friend the faithful dog. Near the Victoria Gate, Hyde Park, W., stands the gate-keeper's lodge, attached to which there is a fair-sized garden, the last resting place of many a favourite pet.

Several years ago, a favourite dog ("Poor little Prince"), which belonged to the Duke of Cambridge, was run over in the park, brought to the lodge and afterwards buried in the garden. A marble stone shows the place where he lies. After this, many who had heard of the event requested to have their dogs laid to rest in the same plot of ground, and thus it came about that the permission of the Duke and the Deputy Ranger was obtained to allow the garden to become a cemetery for dogs. It has now been in existence twenty years, and there are about three hundred or four hundred graves, all beautifully kept. Some people pay a certain amount per annum to have the little graves properly attended to; some only pay when the dog is buried; many call regularly. The tombstones are pretty nearly all of the same size, and mostly of marble. One of the first of these to greet the eye on entering bears this inscription: "My Ruby Heart died September 14, 1897. For seven years we were friends." This little grave is surrounded by a small iron fence with a marble pillar at each corner.

Another stone states that "Rix" was "for nine years the devoted companion of Lady Bancroft," the wife of the well-known actor. "Dear Old Yohe" was a parrot. "Charlie, aged 14," belonged to F. Ayr; and the marble stone bears these words of Whyte Melville: "Is it folly that I hope it may be so?"

There is a stone in memory of "My dear little cat Chinchilla (Chilli). Lovely, loving, and most dearly loved. Poisoned July 31, 1895. God restore thee to me, so prayeth thy ever-loving mistress 'EMMA.'" Below this are some hieroglyphics, which, probably, do not contain a blessing or the person who so cruelly took the cat's life. One tombstone specially noticeable, bearing these words in black on white marble, is: "To the beloved memory of Orphie, most faithful and devoted friend, who left us sorrowing August 22, 1897. *Au revoir, cheri, si Dieu veut.* Also of Nelly, whose sweet, loving life ended at Hyères March 1, 1897. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not long divided." Another marble stone bears the words: "Alas! poor Zoe. Born October 1, 1879. Died August 13, 1892. As deeply mourned as ever dog was mourned, for friendship rare by her is torned."

The oldest, and therefore one of the first stones to be erected is dated 1882. "Love's tribute to Love. Dear little Tony." In some instances vases of flowers and artificial wreaths under glass are placed on the grave. This was noticeable in the case of one "In loving memory of darling little Kiato. Died June 17, 1899, aged nine years. Dearly loved and deeply mourned by his sorrowing mistress, Ada Waller." A rough-hewn stone bears this inscription: "My Tozer died June 16, 1900. He was my faithful friend and constant companion for eleven years. Now I am lonely and heart-broken." Pilku was the dog who had belonged to a relative of the King of Sweden, and the crest of its master reversed is carved on the headstone. Another stone bears this inscription: "Good-bye, but not for ever."

There is a small greenhouse, and near it, unmarked, is buried the dearly loved dog of a lady who had him placed in an oak coffin with silver handles. "Jack the Dandy, a Sportsman and a Pal,"



THE DOGS' CEMETERY IN HYDE PARK

was a bulldog, and when his funeral took place, a large number of bulldogs assisted at the ceremony. Scamp was fifteen years old when he died in 1902. He had been a great traveller, and at one time during his life had visited China. Another headstone states: "Toby was my friend, faithful and true to me, parted but never forgotten." And a slab over the same grave bears these words: "The sunshine of the house has gone." One grave is very remarkable; it is large enough for a child of ten or twelve, and raised in a splendid marble column, resting on a rock, the whole covered with carved lilies. On one side are these words: "In loving memory of dear, gentle little Lily, died January 6, 1900, aged 14 years."

Near by I noticed: "Mon cher Wic, mes pensées. Avril, 1895." A chain of New Zealand shells, as worn by the Maoris, lies on the grass, and was quite lately brought across the seas by his mistress. There is a superstition among the natives that these shells ensure a

happy hereafter. Was it with that thought that they were laid on little Wee's grave?

The oldest dog in the cemetery was Little Tim, true and faithful unto death; he lived twenty years. The dog Danger was born in Mexico, and under his name are these words:—

"Could I think we'd meet again,
It would lighten half my pain."

Besides many other interesting tributes paid to the memory of dead pets are these: "Thomas, the dearly loved, faithful and affectionate friend of Lady and Captain Nottage." "To my dear Bob, for nine years the beloved and devoted companion of Mrs. F. M. Digan. Died May, 1900."

"He talked with soft brown eyes
More eloquent than speech."

Also to our beloved and faithful little Jack, aged seventeen years. "Could Love have saved, thou hadst not died."

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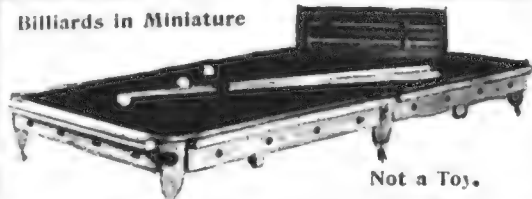
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Our Bookshelf

"LOVE AND THE SOUL HUNTERS"

WHEN we say that we have found John Oliver Hobbes's new novel (T. Fisher Unwin) somewhat disappointing, we must not be taken to mean that it makes any approach to poorness of quality. It is all the fault of the author's name on the title-page. She has so accustomed us to work of really high distinction that, when this is lacking, nothing else will satisfy. In short, while there are not half a dozen novelists who are her equals, there are a dozen, at the least, who could write, and have written, as good a novel. Possibly the nature of the subject, so trite and obvious as to have required over-labouring to make it seem anything else, is partly to blame for comparative failure. A young woman, by refusing to become the morganatic—in effect, the bigamous—wife of a prince not particularly worth marrying anyhow, piques him into offering her the right thing; thereby nearly costing him his life at the hands of a jealous secretary who loves her like a madman, while the prince merely loves her like a boy. Matters are confused rather than complicated by her having an unknown mother in the person of an ex-ballet dancer, the mistress of a great American financier millionaire. The "Soul Hunters" appear to be Money and Pleasure, and the parts they play in the story, though decidedly hazy, afford opportunities for effective pictures of the vulgar side of wealth, and for other good things which, nevertheless, somehow fail to remain in the mind. The portraiture seems to suggest an energetic but imperfectly successful effort of the author to write it into life, instead of having realised it before taking up her pen. Of course, "Love and the Soul Hunters" is well above the average of fiction, and will be correspondingly enjoyed. But to have to name the average of fiction in connection with John Oliver Hobbes is of itself a disappointment from which we cannot get away.

"THE HOLE IN THE WALL"

Mr. Arthur Morrison can hardly have enjoyed a personal acquaintance with Wapping, Ratcliff Highway, or Blue Gate—"worse than Frederick Street, worse than Tiger Bay," at the period when Cap'n Nat Kemp kept the Hole in the Wall. But the period is not really very remote for these days of rapid change, and there is no reason to doubt the fidelity to fact of his grim and lurid picture of the lives led by the cut-throats and worse, in a region that could have given points to the "Iago" in every form of abomination and crime. But there is something better than mere realism of this or any sort in his new novel (Methuen and Co.). His Cap'n Nat is among the most unforgettable characters of fiction. He is an ex-skipper, who seems to have mixed up at some point of his career with a case of scuttling and murder, and has settled down on shore as tobacco-smuggler, receiver of stolen goods, and general rascal, at the riverside public-house which gives the story its name. But he is no ordinary scoundrel, and he dominates mere ruffians not only by his splendid pluck, strength of arm, and superior cunning, but also, strange to say, by a certain seamanlike, almost childlike, simplicity of character which very quickly dominates the reader too. How he in his turn is influenced by the little orphan grandchild who is made to tell the greater part of the story may to some extent be guessed, but there is nothing commonplace or conventional in the process, whatever may be the case with the end. To our mind, the portrait of Cap'n Nat is Mr. Morrison's masterpiece so far, or, rather, an absolute masterpiece which any novelist might be proud to claim.



This portrait was taken on the return of General and Mrs. Cronje from St. Helena at Simon's Town, which is the discharging depot for Boer prisoners. Our photograph is by L. Jenks

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF GENERAL CRONJE AND HIS WIFE

"THE CREDIT OF THE COUNTY"

How Mr. W. E. Norris could contrive to develop a really interesting story from the failure of a vulgar *Nouveau Riche*—Reuben Asher by name—to be received by the "County" of Trentshire, would puzzle a novel-reader who was not already acquainted with his methods. To any such reader, if such there be, we would recommend "The Credit of the County" (Methuen and Co.) as an example of the success which may still be secured by a writer who scrupulously follows the bent of his own talent, and ignores every recognised device for reaching popular favour. The real catastrophe of the plot to which all else leads up is when a certain Lady Mount-Sorrel is enabled to postpone a dinner party. That does not sound exciting, but it becomes so when we have realised all that old Lady Mount-Sorrel means to Trentshire, and all that Trentshire means to Mr. Reuben Asher. Mr. Howells has just been delivering his opinion that what really interests people in fiction is what really interests them in real life—the ordinary sayings and doings of

ordinary people, and that this is the fiction that lives, superior to passing tastes or fashions. Whether he is wholly right or not, Mr. Norris has done much to prove the opinion true.

"THE HOUSE UNDER THE SEA"

Recent accounts of the strange "Sleeping Sickness" of South Africa confer an immediate interest upon Mr. Max Pemberton's "The House Under the Sea" (George Newnes), which deals with the subject as a principal ingredient in an unscrupulous yarn as was ever concocted by an imaginative scadlog for the benefit of an audience of marines. The scene and action are laid in a remote Pacific island, whose owner, a Hungarian violinist named Czerny, imprisons and brutally ill-treats his young and beautiful American bride because she will not approve his method of money-making, namely, by wrecking passing ships and murdering their crews. To them enter a gallant English skipper—the narrator of the story—with a more or less comic Irish sailor, a rather less than more comic carpenter, and a British boy, who, aided by pluck, luck, an eccentric old Frenchman, a Yankee doctor, three dancing girls, and legions of devil-fish, annihilate the whole band of brigands and rescue the captive lady. There is plenty of fighting; and the continual references to the good old duty of a Briton and a Sailor to a woman in distress will be found as fresh as ever. The novel will certainly go straight to the heart of every boy with what seems to be regarded as a healthy taste for blood and thunder. "His joyous 'Aye, aye, sir!' was a thing to hear. No sailor of the old time, black with powder, mad on a slippery deck, fought, I swear, as we four in that shelter of the turret. . . . Crouched all together, the sweat upon our foreheads, smoke in our eyes, the wild delight of it quickening us, we blazed at the enemy unseen."—"For a good ring of steel fenced us about; we held the turret, and laughed at the madness below." The general revelry in safe carnage, even though of banditti, will be less pleasing to old-fashioned ideas. But then Mr. Pemberton is for the many—not for the few.

THE CAPTURE OF THE "PRESIDENT."—Captain C. Percy Bushe, R.N., writes:—"Having served in the *President* as a midshipman nearly fifty years ago, I read with interest the article about her in THE GRAPHIC of the 20th ult. Your contributor, however, is in error in stating that she is the original captured *President*. She was built on the lines of that ship in 1829, and, like her, was a fast sailer. She was, I believe, never in action, except in the attack on Petropaulski in 1854, in which she had about fifty killed and wounded." Mr. Charles Hope writes:—"Your account of the capture of the *President* is most interesting, especially to me, as my uncle, the late Admiral Sir Henry Hope, was captain of the *Endymion*, the ship which was instrumental in taking the *President*; but there are one or two facts which I should like to set right. You say that after the *Endymion* had engaged the *President*, the *Pomona* and *Tenedos* opened fire on the *President* and compelled her to strike, but on reference to the official account of the fight, you will see that the *President* had already struck when these ships came up. The question arises, to whom? Clearly to the *Endymion*. You also say that the *Endymion* was so disabled after two and a half hours' fighting that she avoided Decatur's efforts to come to close quarters, but I do not think that this was quite the case. My uncle received a gold medal for his victory, which is in my possession, and which is, I believe, the last Naval gold medal issued."

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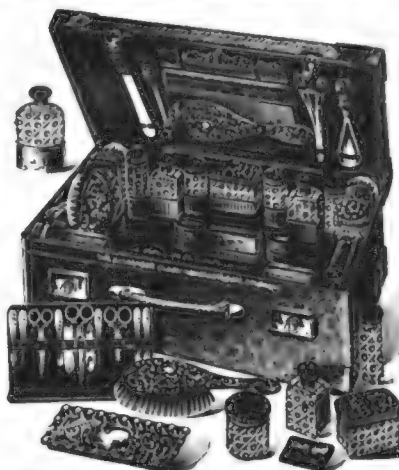
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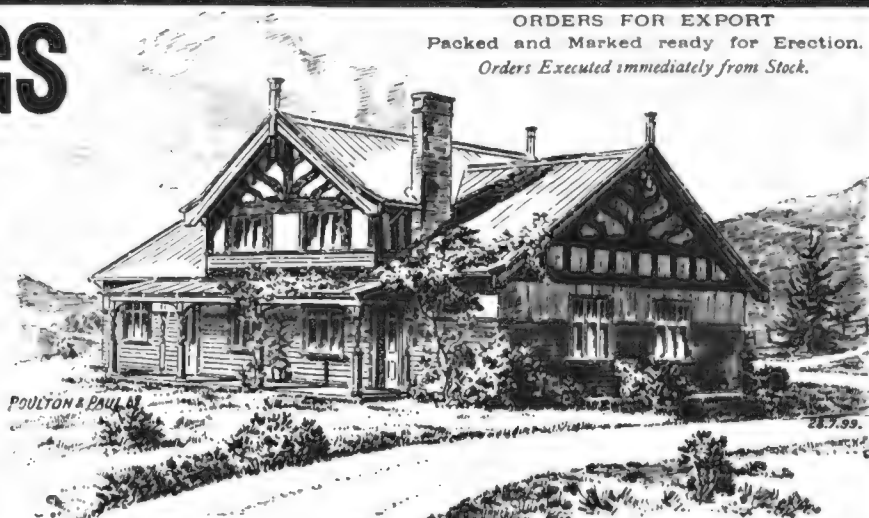
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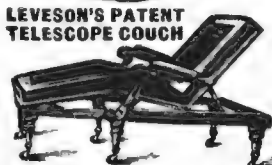
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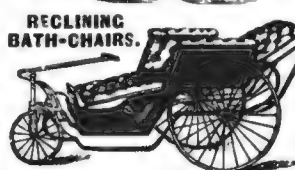
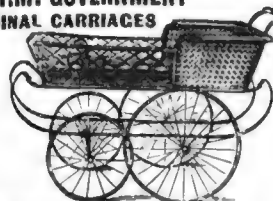
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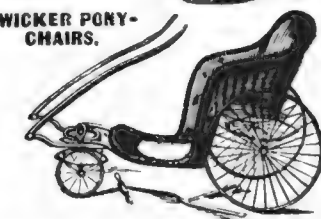
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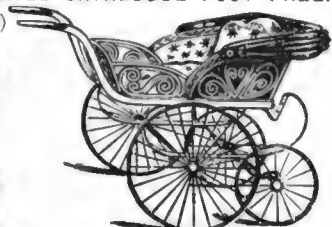
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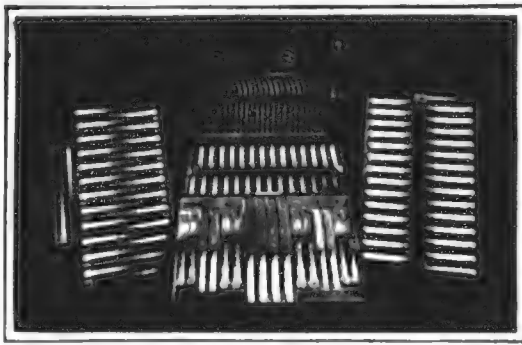
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An Artistic Causerie

BY M. H. SPIELMANN

THE progress which Mr. G. F. Watts has lately made in his sculptural work now in hand is such that we may hope to congratulate ourselves before long on the erection of two groups that will add greatly to the glory of the English school. The first is the colossal group of "Physical Energy," on which the sculptor has been engaged for a score of years, and which the Government undertook a few years ago in Parliament to cast and erect in this country at its own expense, the artist having placed the work itself at the disposition of the nation. But the first copy, so to call it, of the vast equestrian group is destined for South Africa, where, set up among the Matoppo, or perhaps in Bulawayo itself, it will symbolise that vigour and enterprise of which Mr. Rhodes was the personification. At the expense, therefore, of a few magnates deeply interested in the initiative of Britain in Africa, one of the finest creations of English art will be erected to mark the dawn of a new era at the dawn of a new century.

The second work is the statue of Lord Tennyson. When first I saw the sketch-model I was struck by the breadth, simplicity, power, and sentiment of the treatment. The poet stands in his Inverness coat, holding in the palm of his left hand a little plant or flower which he studies, while in his right hand, hanging by his



A case of cutlery was presented to Lord Kitchener on his visit to Sheffield on Tuesday. The case, which was of brass-bound oak with double locks, lined and fitted with silk velvet, contained sixty silver table forks and thirty dessert forks of antique pattern, and sixty table knives and thirty cheese knives, with handles of the finest African ivory fitted with silver ferrules and best double shear steel blades. The handles bore Lord Kitchener's crest. To obtain the ninety ivory handles matched in grain and colour, Messrs. Mappin and Webb (of the Royal Works, Sheffield), the manufacturers of the present, cut up some twelve or fifteen tusks.

SHEFFIELD'S GIFT TO LORD KITCHENER

side, he holds his wide-awake hat, and his bare head is significantly bowed in reverence. To add interest to the figure, alike for sentiment, character, and composition, the poet's dog at his side turns his head up to his master's hand as if craving a caress.

A vast amount of excitement has been raised by the refusal of the Board of the National Gallery to accept for the National Gallery of British Art (the Tate Gallery) a bronze bust of Mr. Alfred East, A.R.A., by Mr. George Frampton, R.A. The work has been rejected on its merits or demerits, but on the curious ground, as expressly stated, that "it is not customary to accept the works of living artists except under the special conditions of the Chantry Bequest." There seems to be some strange mistake, for not only was a bust by Professor Lanteri accepted the other day, but certainly not fewer than twenty-three works have been accepted within a short period—apart from all the pictures by living artists presented by Sir Henry Tate himself and those accruing under the Chantry Bequest. Gifts by living artists of their own works have latterly been made by Mr. Watts, Mr. H. W. B. Davis, Mr. A. MacCullum, and Mr. Ralph Peacock. Surely twenty-three examples, even if they are not thought by the Board to establish a custom, constitute a sufficient number of exceptions to justify a twenty-fourth.

The National Memorial to Queen Victoria is taking shape, so far as the model is concerned, and promises to be an infinitely finer affair than was anticipated by many who only saw the hasty sketch. Proportions have been corrected, groups have been elaborated, and the idea has grown, alike in force and fancy, until the composition has become impressive, excellent in silhouette and in mass, and beautiful in arrangement. Those who decry systematically the efforts of English sculptors have a surprise in store; and those who lately declared that a French sculptor should be called in to do the work will learn that Mr. Brock is not unequal to the task of raising the great memorial, which is to be expressive of national feeling.

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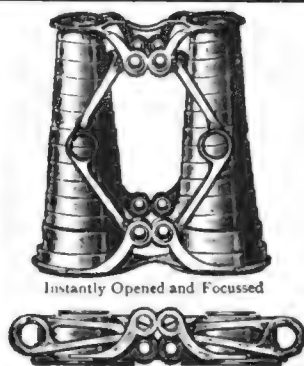
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Could any foreigner truly express what is implied in such a monument, however admirable his design might be? And should we not feel that the better he did suggest the national feeling the more insincere must necessarily be the work?

There is talk at last about completing the Wellington Memorial in St. Paul's Cathedral, by the casting and erecting of the horse and rider that were intended for the summit. Lord Leighton, it will be remembered, made an effort to effect this completion when he raised funds for the transference of the monument to its present site, for which Alfred Stevens intended it. By what turned out to be an error of judgment, Lord Leighton so managed the removal that it cost more, by a considerable sum, than it might have done, and the amount which still remains over is insufficient for the modelling and casting of the group. There is a small sum available, and it is hoped that it may soon be increased to what is needed. But it should be understood that the so-called "model" left by Stevens is not of the sort that is of any use except as the barest indication, and was not intended by him as anything but a bald suggestion. To cast any such "suggestion," as it has been proposed to do, will be to desecrate the monument, and to make it consist of two distinct parts—one highly finished, and the other a sketch, beside which Rodin's "Balzac" would be a highly realistic work.

Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE improvement in the weather has come most opportunely, and the different sort of days for carrying and stacking corn has already made its influence felt upon the market where better condition and quality is now a subject for general congratulation. Barley in especial is improved. There is, however, a probability of unusually large quantities of wheat, barley, and pulse being fed to stock on the farm, owing to their damaged, discoloured, and heated state making marketing a sad job. As live stock, especially beef, is paying the farmer better than for some years, there will naturally be less reluctance than usual about spending somewhat freely on the animals. In the kitchen garden the genial last fortnight of September has kept the scarlet runners going, and the supply of beans has seldom been better at this late period of the year. Farmers and gardeners alike must exercise great care over the potatoes, as disease is generally present, and the bad tubers must be separated from the good ones before the crop is stored. This can be done by children perfectly well, and their parents would be glad for them to earn a shilling. But, as usual, the School Board intervenes. The autumn term begins before either potato or fruit crops are

secured, and the inspector promptly summons the peasants' children who linger in the fields. With October celery is coming into evidence, and the first roots we have seen have been remarkably fine.

CHEESE.

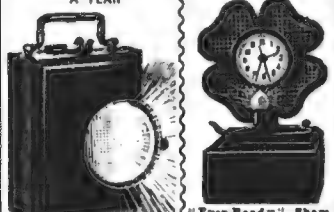
This is the cheese show season, and although the interest excited may be called mild by comparison with jumping competitions at agricultural shows, the practical utility may sometimes even be greater. At Frome, last week, the cheese show was regarded by experts as "the best in Somerset so far," and what Somerset does not know in the way of cheese, is held by not a few Wessex folk to be not worth knowing. Certainly, Somerset can not only produce its own unrivalled types, but also the foreign sorts if there was "money in it." The mystery which remains is, how can Normandy and even Switzerland, and still more distant Lombardy, go on prospering and underselling us? They are neither uncivilised competitors nor farmers of prairie soil, and behave the railways never so unfairly, "freight" from Yeovil or Bristol to London or Liverpool can scarcely equal that from Rouen, Berne and Milan, to the same consuming centres. The tendency in modern cheese-making, as in modern breeding, is all to early maturity, but the old cheeses, well kept, have a fine nutty flavour which commands an extra sixpence per pound to the few buyers who still value quality.

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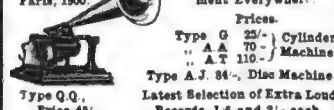
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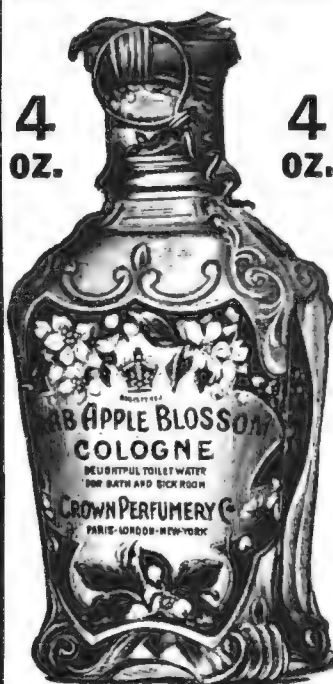


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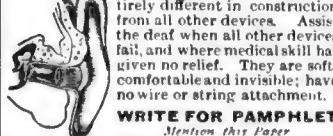


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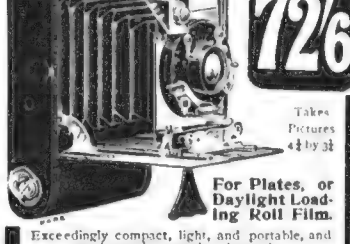
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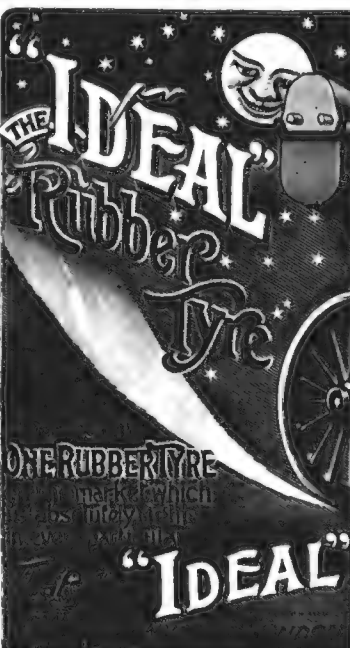


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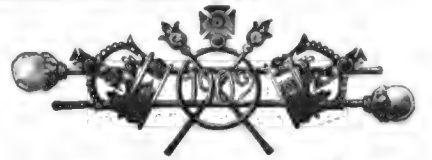
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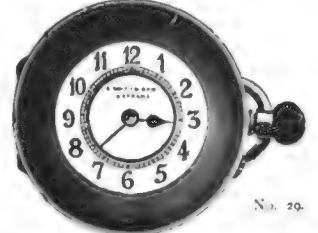
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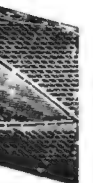
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